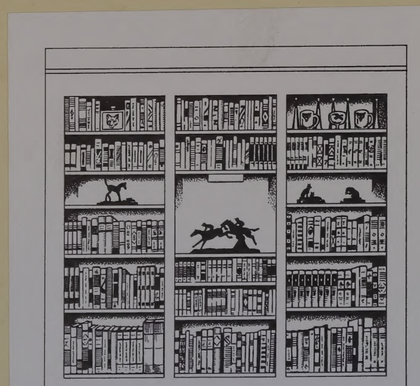
PICTURES of LIFE & CHARACTER



BY JOHN LEECH

Second Series.



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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

Pictures of Life and Character.

(SECOND SERIES.)

PICTURES of LIFE & CHARACTER



JOHN LEECH

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR PUNCH.

SECOND SERIES.

LONDON: BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., 8, 9, 10, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.—2ND SERIES.



First Swell. "WHAT AN ASTONISHING COAT, GUS!"
Second Do. "YA-AS! YOU SEE ALL THE SNOBS DWESS SO INFERN'LY LOUD —THAT FWED AND I THOUGHT WE WOULD COME DOWN VEWY QUIET!"



GROUSE SHOOTING LATE IN THE SEASON. JOLLY, VERY.

"COME ALONG, OLD FELLOW! HERE'S A POINT!"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Official (waking Old Gent from a sweet sleep). "TICKETS, PLEASE!"



"HATS OFF, STRANGERS!"



THE NORTH AMERICAN LODGERS IN 1851.



OXFORD COSTUME.

Small Oxford Man. "NOW, SNIP, REMEMBER, NOT SO TIGHT IN THE ARM!"
Snip. "VERY GOOD, SIR (*to the Clerk*), 84 AND A 'ARF!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH



A LARGE BUMP OF CAUTION.

Flora. "OH, LET US SIT HERE, AUNT, THE BREEZE IS SO DELIGHTFUL."
Aunt. "YES, DOVE!—IT'S VERY NICE, I DARE SAY; BUT I WON'T COME ANY NEARER TO THE CLIFF, FOR I AM ALWAYS AFRAID OF *SLIPPING THROUGH THOSE RAILINGS!*"



DOING IT THOROUGHLY

Old Gent. "I SAY, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS HOLD YOUR PONY TOGETHER GOING UP HILL, AND OVER PLOUGHED LAND!"
Young Nimrod. "ALL RIGHT, OLD COCK! DON'T YOU TEACH YOUR GRANDMOTHER TO SUCK EGGS! THERE'S MY MAN BY THE HAY-STACK WITH MY SECOND HORSE!"



First Young Lady. "OH, DEAR! HOW DULL THE OLD TOWN IS, NOW ALL THE OFFICERS ARE GONE ABROAD!"
Second Ditto (*a trifle older*). "H'M!—FOR MY PART, I'M VERY GLAD THEY'RE GONE. FOR THEY WERE ALWAYS FOLLOWING ONE ABOUT!"



CURIOUS MODE OF CONDUCTING A RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT.



WHY, INDEED?

Perceptive Child. "MAMMA, DEAR! WHY DO THOSE GENTLEMEN DRESS THEMSELVES LIKE THE FUNNY LITTLE MEN IN MY NOAH'S ARK?"



Charles (*who is rather addicted to betting*). "—AND TALKING OF GOODWOOD RACES, WE'VE GOT SUCH A JOLLY SWEEP AT OUR CLUB!"
Constance. "A *SWEEP*, CHARLES!—WELL! I NEVER THOUGHT MUCH OF YOUR CLUB FRIENDS, BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU ASSOCIATED WITH PEOPLE OF THAT SORT!"



LATEST FROM PARIS.

Beautiful Being. "WELL, I MUST SAY, PARKER, THAT I LIKE THE HAIR DRESSED À L'IMPÉRATRICE. IT SHOWS SO MUCH OF THE FACE."



OUR DEAR OLD PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS OFFSPRING TO SEE THE PANTOMIME. UNFORTUNATELY, "THE ROADS" (AS THE CABMAN SAYS) "IS SO ORRIBUL BAD AND SLIPPY," THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO WALK WITH HIS DARLINGS THE GREATER PART OF THE WAY HOME.



GOOD NEWS! REAL SENTIMENT!

The Lady Emmeline. NO, DEAREST CONSTANCE, I AM NOT UNHAPPY. THESE ARE TEARS OF JOY! FOR SEE HOW THE DEAR LORD AUBREY WRITES —(*Reads an advertisement*)—'*I have much pleasure in giving my testimony to the skill of Professor Puffenbury, who has extracted two very troublesome corns without causing me any pain.—De Belgrave.*' DEAR, DEAR AUBREY, THEN YOU ARE HAPPY!"



TRUTH IS GREAT.

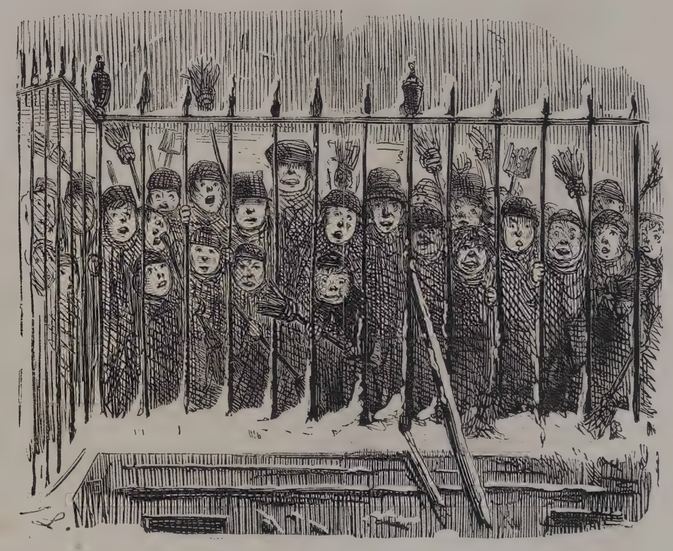
Unsophisticated Little Girl. "NOW, YOU A'DONE, BILLY. IF YOU AIN'T QUIET DIRECTLY, I'LL GIVE YER TO THIS GREAT, BIG HUGLY MAN!"

[*Immense delight of Swell in gorgeous array.*



SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE KITCHEN BOILER.

(*Affectionately dedicated to* PATERFAMILIAS, *whoever he might be.*)



"WANT YOUR DOOR DONE, MUM?"



Man on the Grey (who comes Express pace over the Stile, and cannons against two quiet riders). "BEG PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT MY HORSE HAS GOT *NO MOUTH!*"



THE ROUND HAT, LADEN WITH NOVELS, IN A STORM.

Ancient Mariner. "HOLD ON A BIT, MISS—I'LL TOW YOU OFF—YOU SHOULD NEVER CARRY SO MUCH SAIL IN A SOU-WESTER!"



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

DISMAY OF MR. JAMES JESSAMMY ON BEING TOLD THAT HE WILL SPOIL THE WHOLE THING IF HE DOESN'T SHAVE OFF HIS WHISKERS.



SUBURBAN FELICITY. GRATIFYING DOMESTIC (POULTRY) INCIDENT.

Buttons. "OH! PLEASE 'M! BE QUICK 'M! HERE'S THE COACHING CHINA A CLUCKING LIKE HANYTHINK. HE'VE BEEN AND LAID A HEGG!!!"



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.—GAMMONING A GENT.

Little Gent. "'OW MUCH?"
Cabby. "WELL, I'D RATHER LEAVE IT TO YOU, SIR! AND WHAT WE POOR HANSOMS IS TO DO WHEN ALL YOU OFFICERS IS GONE ABROAD, GOODNESS KNOWS."



FLUNKEYIANA—A FACT.

Flunkey (out of place). "THERE'S JUST ONE QUESTION I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK YOUR LADYSHIP—HAM I ENGAGED FOR WORK, OR HAM I ENGAGED FOR ORNAMENT?"



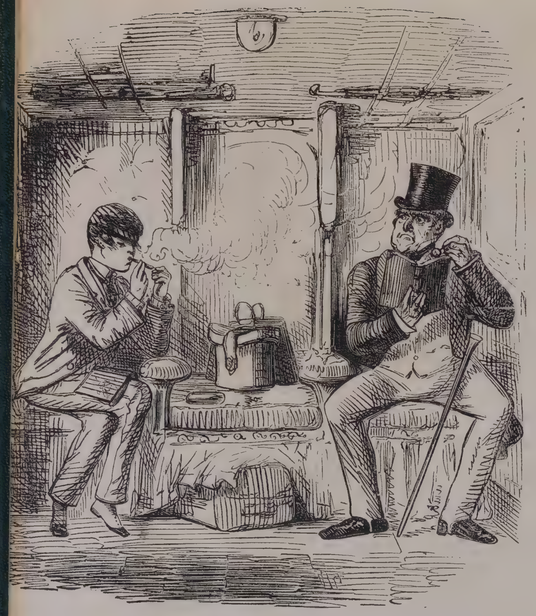
ENTER MR. BOTTLES, THE BUTLER.

Master Fred. "THERE! THAT'S CAPITAL! STAND STILL, BOTTLES, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE CHINESE DO THE KNIFE TRICK AT THE PLAY" [BOTTLES *is much interested.*



DURING THE FROST A CERTAIN FOX-HUNTER INCREASES IN WEIGHT, AND GETS TOO BIG FOR HIS CLOTHES.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



Undergraduate. "YOU DON'T OBJECT TO SMOKING, I HOPE?"
Old Party (probably a Director). "YES, SIR. I OBJECT VERY MUCH INDEED! IN FACT, I HAVE THE STRONGEST OBJECTION TO SMOKING!!!"
Undergraduate. "HM! HA! SOME PEOPLE HAVE."
[*Smokes for the next fifty miles.*



THE CHEAP TAILOR AND HIS WORKMEN.



THE REAL USE OF THE BEAR-SKIN CAP—A HINT TO THE GUARDS.

HOW TO GET A CONNECTION.

Shopman (to Ancient Party). "YES, MISS—THANK YOU, MISS—IS THERE ANY OTHER ARTICLE, MISS?—CAN WE SEND IT FOR YOU, MISS?"
[*Old Lady thinks it* SUCH *a nice shop, and* SUCH *well-behaved young men.*



THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

First Sporting Gent (reads). "'CAUTION.—NO HORSEMAN WILL, ON ANY ACCOUNT, BE ALLOWED TO FOLLOW THE RACEHORSES OVER THE STEEPLE-CHASE COURSE.' DEAR ME! HOW PROVOKING! I SHOULD A LIKED TO HAVE POPPED OVER THIS BROOK!"
Second Gent thinks they had better not interfere with any of the Regulations.



PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKING ALOUD.

Genius. "BY THE WAY, DID YOU GLANCE OVER THAT ARTICLE OF MINE ON 'THE INTELLECT OF WOMAN, AND HER SOCIAL POSITION?' I DON'T CARE TWOPENCE ABOUT YOUR OPINION; ONLY IF YOU CAN SAY SOMETHING FAVOURABLE OF COURSE I SHALL BE PLEASED."
Common Sense. "WHY, I TRIED IT, BUT UPON MY LIFE I FOUND IT SUCH CONTEMPTIBLE RUBBISH, THAT I COULDN'T GET ON; AND, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I THINK THAT A SNUG LITTLE THING IN THE CHEESEMONGERING LINE WOULD BE MORE IN YOUR WAY THAN LITERATURE."
Genius. "AH! YOU MUST BE A FOOL!"



A LITTLE BIT OF SENTIMENT.



INCIDENT IN A FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Omnibus Driver. "THIS IS ORRIBLE VURK IN PARIS, SIR. VY, THEY TELL ME THEY'VE BIN AND BURNT ALL THE BUSSES!"



CABMAN IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG TURNING—THAT'S ALL!



A BRUTAL FELLOW.

Policeman. "NOW, MUM! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Injured Female. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISTER—I WANT TO GIVE MY WRETCH OF A 'USBAND IN CHARGE. HE'S ALLVAYS A KNOCKING OF ME DOWN AND A STAMPIN' ON ME!"



FROZEN-OUT FOXHUNTERS.



IN A VERY BAD WAY.

"WHY, YOU SEEM QUITE WRETCHED, FRANK!"

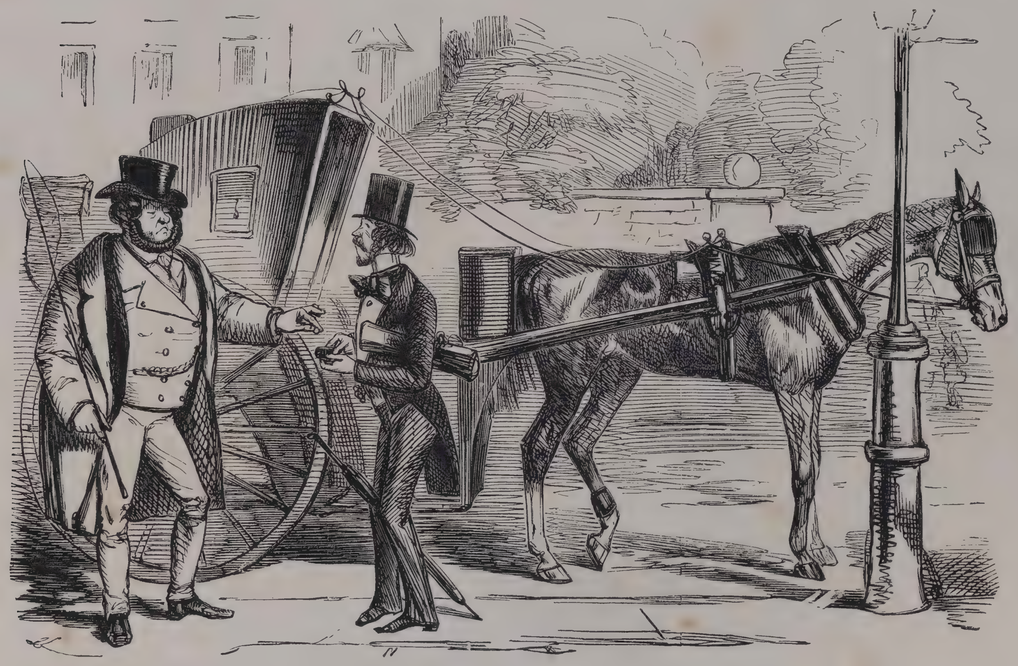
"WRETCHED, MY BOY! AH, YOU MAY IMAGINE HOW WRETCHED I AM, WHEN I TELL YOU I DON'T EVEN CARE HOW MY TWOWSERS ARE MADE!"



A DELICIOUS SAIL—OFF DOVER.

Old Lady. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MR. BOATMAN! WHAT'S THAT?"

Stolid Boatman. "THAT, MUM! NUTHUN, MUM. ONLY THE ARTILLERY A PRAC-*TI*-SIN', AND THAT'S ONE O' THE CANNON BALLS WHAT'S JUST STRUCK THE WATER!!"



THE NEW ACT.

Hansom Cabby. "H'M! SIXPENCE. YOU HAD BETTER KEEP IT. YOU MAY WANT IT FOR YOUR WASHING OR SOMETHINK!"



THE BANQUET AT GUILDHALL, 1851—TRUE POLITENESS.

Alderman Gobble. "NOW, THEN, GALS! I'VE QUITE DONE. CAN I GET YOU ANY GRUB?"



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Sportsman (in Standing Beans). "WHERE TO, NOW, JACK?"

Jack. "WELL! LET'S SEE! I SHOULD JUST GO UP THE BEANS AGAIN, AND ACROSS THE TOP END, BEAT DOWN THE OTHER SIDE AND ROUND BY THE BOTTOM; WHILE YOU'RE THERE, GET OVER AND TRY OLD HAYCOCK'S STANDING OATS—HE WON'T MIND—I'LL STOP HERE AND MARK!"



A THOROUGH GOOD COOK.

Lady. "THEN WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE, PRAY?"
Cook. "WELL, MA'AM, AFTER I'M DONE WORK, I AM VERY FOND OF SINGING AND PLAYING ON THE ACCORDIUM, AND MISSIS HADN'T USED TO LIKE IT—AND SO I GIVE NOTICE!"

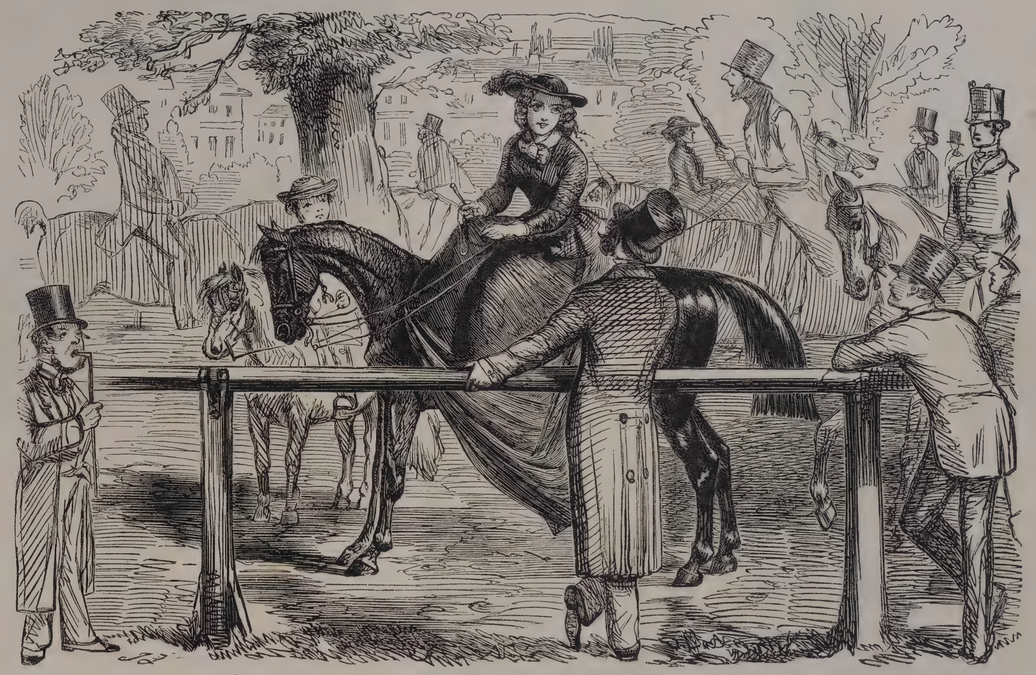


BOTTOM FISHING.

Piscator No. 1 (*miserably*). "NOW, TOM, *DO* LEAVE OFF. IT ISN'T OF ANY USE; AND IT'S GETTING QUITE DARK."
Piscator No. 2. "LEAVE OFF!! WHAT A PRECIOUS DISAGREEABLE CHAP YOU ARE. YOU COME OUT FOR A DAY'S PLEASURE, AND YOU'RE ALWAYS A-WANTING TO GO HOME!"



SEA-SIDE.—THE BATHING HOUR.



THE NEW PURCHASE.

Blanche (*who dotes on horses*). "THERE, FRANK. ISN'T SHE A PRETTY CREATURE? PAPA GAVE HER TO ME THIS MORNING—SHE IS SO GOOD-TEMPERED! AND WHAT A NICE HEAD AND NECK SHE HAS! HASN'T SHE? SHE'S QUITE YOUNG, TOO—AND SUCH A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY, SIR, EH?"
Frank (*who is so absurd*). "H'M! LET'S SEE. PRETTY CREATURE!—GOOD-TEMPERED!—NICE HEAD AND NECK!—YOUNG!—AND A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—WHY, I SAY, YOU MAKE A CAPITAL PAIR!"



MOVING.

Father of the Family. "OH, IT'S ALL STUFF AND NONSENSE, MRS. G., IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MANAGED OVER AND OVER AGAIN BY THIS TIME."
Mrs. G. "LAW, MY DEAR, HOW YOU TALK! AND I'M SURE *YOU* HAVEN'T BEEN PUT TO MUCH INCONVENIENCE."
Mother-in-Law. 'THERE, THERE, JEMIMA. DON'T ANSWER HIM; IT'S QUITE RIDICULOUS."





SOMETIMES YOU "PICK UP" HUNTERS FOR NEXT TO NOTHING.

Dealer. "THERE NOW! YOU WANT A HUNTER. THERE HE IS. HE'S QUIET, WELL-BRED, AND LAW! WITH YOUR WEIGHT, HE'S UP TO ANY HOUNDS, AND AN *UNCOMMON* CLEVER FENCER!"
Sporting Gent. "OH! COME NOW! THAT *WON'T* DO. I'VE HEARD OF A 'ORSE DANCING; BUT I'M NOT SO JOLLY GREEN AS TO BELIEVE A 'ORSE CAN FENCE, YOU KNOW!"





THE WEATHER IN THE PARKS.

Skate Proprietor. "NOW, MARM! 'AVE A PAIR ON?"



Clown (*loq.*). "PRETTY CREECHUR!"



FIRST NIGHT IN THE NEW HOUSE.—AWFUL DISCOVERY OF BLACK BEETLES.



RICH OLD LADY IS OVERWHELMED WITH BARRELLED OYSTERS FROM DISTANT RELATIVES.



PROMENADE ON HORSEBACK.



AQUATICS.—A COMFORTABLE RAN-DAN.

Jolly Young Waterman. "HOLLOA! HI! POLICE! BACK WATER, JACK! WE'VE GOT INTO A NEST OF SWANS, AND THEY'RE A PITCHIN' INTO ME!"



DREADFUL CRISIS.

Victim. "HOPE YOU WILL NOT BE OFFENDED, SIR; BUT I SHOULD BE VERY GLAD IF YOU COULD SETTLE MY LITTLE BILL UP TO CHRISTMAS."

Mr. Dunup. "OFFENDED, MY DEAR BOY! NOT IN THE LEAST! BUT THE FACT IS, I HAVE 'SUSPENDED CASH PAYMENTS' FOR SOME TIME."



THE BEST PREVENTIVE AGAINST SEA-SICKNESS.

WHEN YOU CROSS THE CHANNEL, ESPECIALLY IF IT SHOULD BE BLOWING HARD, "KEEP YOUR PECKER UP" (AS THAT AGREEABLE RATTLE, YOUNG FIPPSON, CALLS IT) BY MAKING A HEARTY MEAL AT THE "SHIP" OR "PAVILION."



AND ONCE ON BOARD, FIX YOUR EYES UPON SOME DISTANT OBJECT, AND ADAPT THE MOVEMENTS OF YOUR BODY TO THE ROLLING OF THE VESSEL, AND THE RESULT WILL PROBABLY BE, AS OPPOSITE



THE RESULT.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



Managing Mamma. "MY GOODNESS, ELLEN, HOW WRETCHEDLY PALE YOU LOOK. FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BITE YOUR LIPS AND RUB YOUR CHEEKS."



AQUATICS.

WHO IS THIS? WHY, THIS IS MR. JOHN CHUBB PULLING ONE OF HIS LONG, SLOW, STEADY STROKES. HE IS TAKING MORE PAINS THAN USUAL, BECAUSE THOSE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS ARE SITTING ON THE LAWN DRAWING FROM NATURE.



THE RETURN FROM A MASQUERADE.



Chorus (of nice young Ladies). "OH! OF ALL AND OF *ALL*, I NEVER! ISN'T IT THE *DARLINGIST*, SWEETEST, PRETTIEST, LITTLE DEAR DARLING DARLING! OH! DID YOU EVER!!"

Solo (by horrid plain-spoken Boy). "H'M! I THINK IT'S A NASTY, UGLY LITTLE BEAST, FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A CAT OR A MONKEY." [*Sensation.*



AND—HERE ARE THE GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS.



(AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF COAXING AND PERSUASION, MASTER TOM IS PREVAILED UPON TO PAY HIS QUARTERLY VISIT TO THE DENTIST. INCONSIDERATE AND VULGAR STREET BOYS UNFORTUNATELY PASS AT THE MOMENT HIS OBJECTIONS ARE OVERCOME.)

First Inconsiderate Street Boy. "OH CRIKEY! IF HERE AIN'T A CHAP GOIN' TO HAVE A GRINDER OUT. MY EYE, WHAT FANGS!"

Second Inconsiderate Do. do. "OH, I WOULDN'T BE 'IM. WON'T THERE BE A *SCR-E-W-A-U-N-CH* NEETHER!"

[*And of course* MASTER TOM *relapses into his previous very obstinate state.*



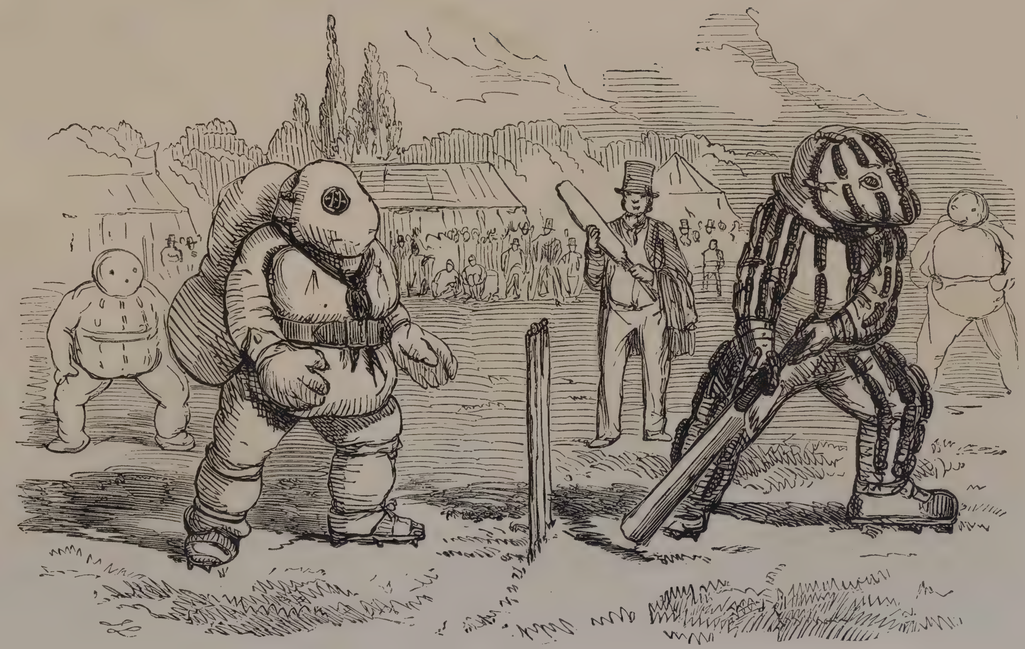
A BATH AT BOULOGNE.

APPALLING POSITION OF MR. AND MRS. TOMKINS, WHO HAD A JIB HORSE WHEN THE TIDE WAS COMING IN.



WHAT A DREADFUL STORY!

Stout Party. "STOP! HERE! CABMAN! WE WANT TO GO AS FAR TER-WARDS WHITECHAPEL AS WE CAN FOR SIXPENCE!"
Cabman. "VERY SORRY, MUM! BUT THE OSS HAS BIN OUT ALL DAY—DEAD BEAT, MUM—GOING HOME, MUM."



NEW CRICKETING DRESSES TO PROTECT ALL ENGLAND AGAINST THE PRESENT SWIFT BOWLING.



TABLEAU REPRESENTING A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHO FANCIES HE IS ALONE BY THE "SAD SEA WAVES." HE TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY OF GOING THROUGH THE LAST SCENE OF "*LUCIA*."

N.B. The Young Gentleman's voice (which HE *imagines to be like* MARIO'S*) is of the most feeble and uncertain quality.*

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!



MARY PROTECTING THE WEAKER SEX.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.



Old Gentleman. "YOU ARE A VERY SAUCY, IMPUDENT WOMAN, AND I'LL CERTAINLY SUMMON YOU!"

Conductress. "THANK YE, SIR! (*To Driver.*) GO ON, SARAH; NEVER MIND THE OLD COVE."



MISS BROWN KINDLY TAKES HER COUSIN OUT FISHING.

Inferior Animal. "OH DEAR! MISS BROWN! HERE'S A FISH TAKEN ALL MY BAIT. DO COME AND PUT ON ANOTHER WORM!"



THE DINING-ROOM.

Lady of the House. "NOW THEN, GIRLS! FILL YOUR GLASSES! BUMPERS! HERE'S JUST ONE TOAST WHICH I AM SURE YOU WILL ALL DRINK WITH PLEASURE. THE GENTLEMEN!!"



THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!



THE ARREST BY BAILIFFS.

"AND SERVE HER RIGHT TOO—EXTRAVAGANCE IN A MAN IS, IN SOME DEGREE, EXCUSABLE, FOR HE KNOWS NO BETTER—BUT, IN A WOMAN, IT IS QUITE UNPARDONABLE."



EFFICIENCY OF FEMALE POLICE IN WHAT IS VULGARLY CALLED A "JOLLY ROW."



NATURALLY THE FEMALE THINKS SHOPPING VERY FOOLISH AND TIRESOME.

Superior Creature. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, EDWARD, DO COME AWAY! WHEN YOU ONCE GET INTO A SHOP, THERE'S NO GETTING YOU OUT AGAIN."



THE BAND AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

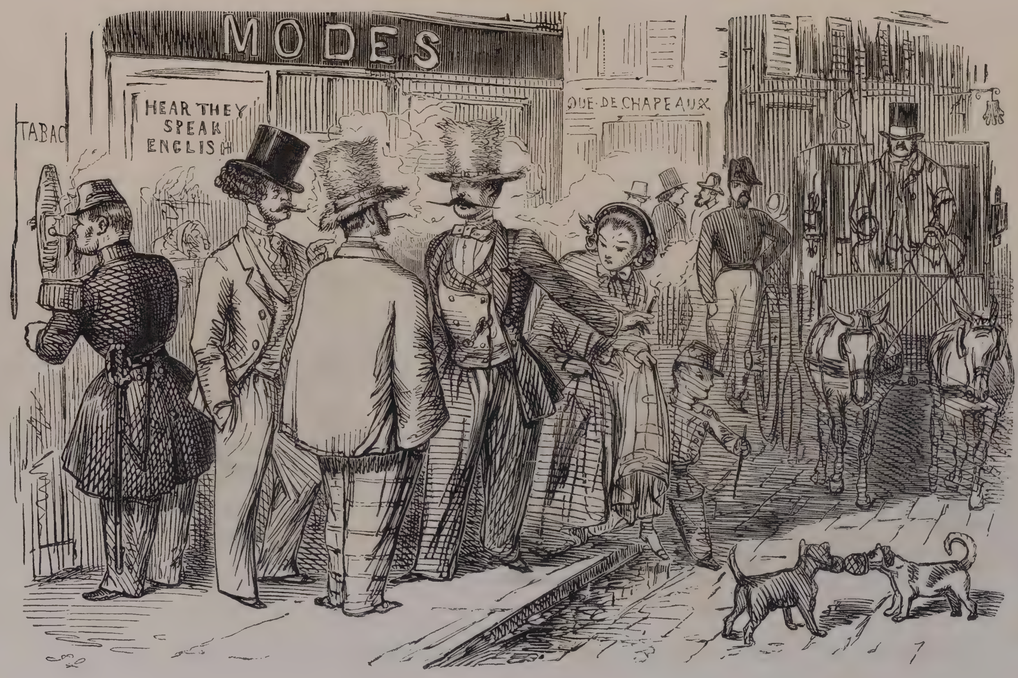


THE PARLIAMENTARY FEMALE.

Father of the Family. "COME, DEAR; WE SO SELDOM GO OUT TOGETHER NOW—CAN'T YOU TAKE US ALL TO THE PLAY TO-NIGHT?"
Mistress of the House and M.P. "HOW YOU TALK, CHARLES! DON'T YOU SEE THAT I AM TOO BUSY. I HAVE A COMMITTEE TO-MORROW MORNING, AND I HAVE MY SPEECH ON THE GREAT CROCHET QUESTION TO PREPARE FOR THE EVENING."



"HOW COOL AND NICE THE FRENCH-POLISHED FLOORS ARE;—BUT—UGH!—OH DEAR!—HOW HARD!"



POLITENESS AS IN PARIS.

(A Perfidious Misrepresentation, of course.)



"GENTLE SUBSCRIBER; DID YOU EVER SEE TWO STRANGE ENGLISHMEN BREAKFASTING AT A TABLE D'HÔTE ABROAD? WELL! ISN'T IT A CHEERFUL THING?"



OBSERVATIONS ABROAD.

(BY A PREJUDICED MAN.)

PERHAPS there is no more striking difference between the gross English and the refined French than in the matter of eating. "*Les Anglais!—Mon Dieu! Comme ils mangent!*" says your Parisian, and with reason, no doubt. For young MR. BULL would, in all probability, have gone the length of eating an egg and a piece of dry toast, or even a rasher of bacon, with a cup of tea, by way of breakfast; whereas the young fellows in the picture have had nothing in the world but a couple of fowls, with nice greasy sauce—a dish of cutlets, accompanied by mushrooms, olives, and cockscombs—a melon—a bowl of eggs beaten up with truffles—about a pint of currant juice and iced water—a large crayfish, or lobster, a bottle of ordinary red wine, some salad, with plenty of oil, four peaches, two apricots, a dish of potatoes *à la maître d'hôtel*, two cups of coffee and some rum, a yard and a half of bread, and just a handful or so of radishes, a few almond and ratifia cakes, and a dozen lumps of sugar? How much more delicate and sensible is such a meal! And yet, somehow or other, at the age of thirty, a Frenchman is generally obliged to wear stays to preserve his figure, and he has no digestion to speak of.

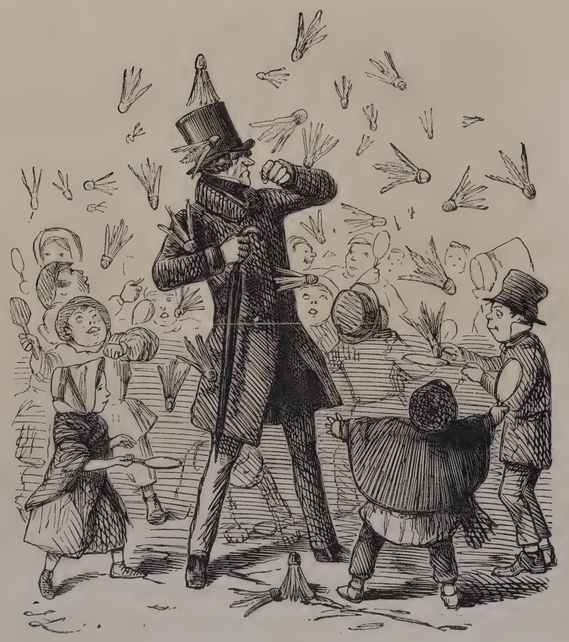


TASTE IN 1854.—VILLIKENS AND HIS DINAH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Young Lady (who ought to know better). "NOW, WILLIAM, YOU ARE NOT LOW ENOUGH YET. BEGIN AGAIN AT 'HE TOOK THE COLD PIZEN.'"

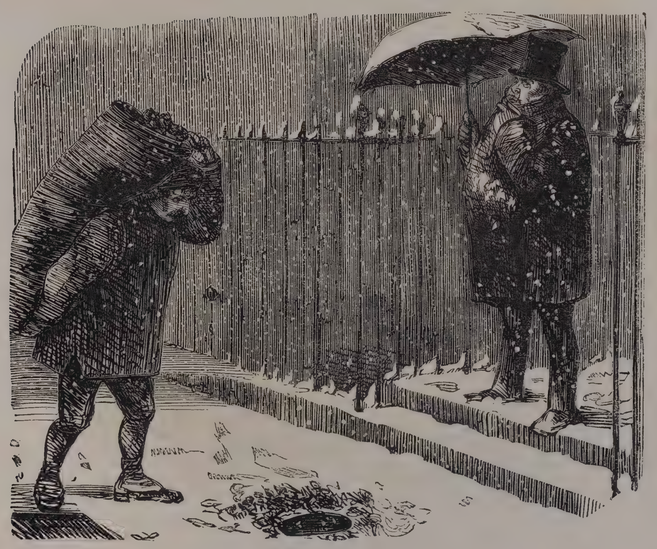


Indignant Master of Hounds. "NOW, YOU SIR! MIND THE HOUND! HE'S WORTH FORTY TIMES AS MUCH AS YOUR HORSE."



THE POPULAR AND AMUSING GAME OF BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK,

AS AT PRESENT PLAYED IN THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES.



WHEN COALS ARE SO DEAR, IT BEHOVES EVERY FAMILY MAN TO SEE THAT HE GETS THE PROPER NUMBER OF SACKS FOR HIS MONEY. PATERFAMILIAS DOES HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN, ALTHOUGH THE COALS ARRIVE JUST AT HIS DINNER-TIME, AND THE WEATHER IS RATHER INCLEMENT.



UP TO WEIGHT.

Stout Party. "AHEM! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE HOUNDS TO-MORROW! DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE GOT ANYTHING THAT WOULD CARRY ME?"
Stable Keeper. "WELL, SIR! I THINK I HAVE TWO BROWN 'OSSES—*AND A OMNIBUS* AS PERHAPS MIGHT DO IT!"



"WHAT A STUNNING MEERSCHAUM YOU'VE GOT THERE, CHARLEY!"
"YES, I THINK IT WILL BE HANDSOME BY THE TIME I'VE PROPERLY COLOURED IT."



GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

Sarah Jane. "OH, BETSY, COME 'ERE, AND BRING HISABELLER! WE CAN SEE THE 'OOFS OF THE 'ORSES!!"



PRETTY BIRDLING.



SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

Jolly Angler. "HOORAY, TOM! I'VE GOT ONE—AND, MY WORD! DIDN'T HE PULL?"



Commercial Gent. "THIS WAR, SIR, WILL BE A TERRIBLE HINDRANCE TO ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS!"

Swell. "AW—DESSAY! D'LIGHTED TO HEAR IT—A ALWAYS HAD THE GWEATEST AVERSION T' ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS."



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS," &c.



DELIGHTFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN WARM WEATHER.

RUNNING AFTER "ANOTHER FOUR!" AT CRICKET, AMIDST DERISIVE SHOUTS OF "NOW THEN, BUTTER-FINGERS!"—"OH! OH!"—"THROW IT IN! LOOK SHARP!"—"QUICK! IN WITH IT!" &c., &c.



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Housemaid. "WELL, SOOSAN, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND NOT TO STOP 'ERE NO LONGER TO WORK LIKE NEGROES AS WE DO!"
Cook. "NOR I, NUTHER! BUT JUST TURN THE MEAT, WILL YOU, PLEASE, THE WHILST I FINISH MY CROCHET?"



POULTRY FANCIES.

NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY A "COCHIN" IT FOR THROWING STONES AT THE FOWLS.



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

'Ousemaid (from Town). "IS HANN JENKINS AT HOME?"
Suburban Cook. "NO, SHE HAS JUST GONE TO HER MILLINER'S!"
'Ousemaid. "THEN GIVE HER MY CARD, PLEASE, AND SAY, I 'OPE SHE GOT HOME SAFELY FROM THE BALL."



BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First. "WU'T TAK THY QUOAT OFF, THEN! OI TELL THEE OI'M AS GOOD A MON AS THEE!"
Second. "THEE A MON! WHOV THEE BE'EST ONLY WALKING ABOUT TO SAVE THY FUNERAL EXPENSES!"



POULTRY FANCIES.—THE PETS.

Old Lady. "WELL, HE *HAS* GROWN; AND, REALLY, I THINK HE MIGHT LEAVE OFF THOSE FROCKS, AND HAVE A SUIT OF CLOTHES LIKE HIS BROTHERS."



FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First Polite Native. "WHO'S 'IM, BILL?"
Second ditto. "A STRANGER!"
First ditto. "'EAVE 'ARF A BRICK AT 'IM."



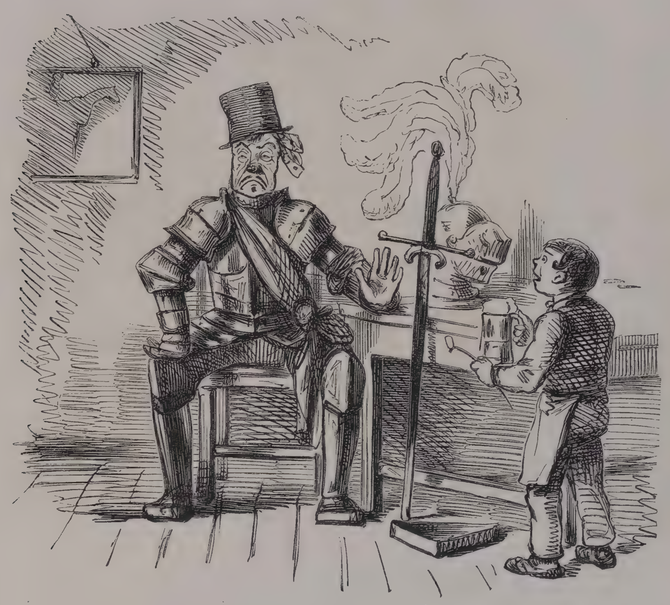
SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Lady. "WISH TO LEAVE? WHY, I THOUGHT, THOMPSON, YOU WERE VERY COMFORTABLE WITH ME!"
Thompson (who is extremely refined). "HOH YES, MAM! I DON'T FIND NO FAULT WITH YOU, MAM—NOR YET WITH MASTER—BUT THE TRUTH *HIS*, MAM—THE *H*OTHER SERVANTS IS SO 'ORRID VULGAR, AND HIGNORANT, AND SPEAKS SO HUNGRAMMATICAL, THAT I REELY CANNOT LIVE IN THE SAME 'OUSE WITH 'EM—AND I SHOULD LIKE TO GO THIS DAY MONTH, IF SO BE HAS IT WON'T ILLCONVENIENCE YOU!"



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Servant Gal. "OH! IF YOU PLEASE, MAM, THERE WAS ONE OTHER THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO 'AVE SETTLED."
Lady. "YES?"
Gal. "WHERE DO YOU GO TO THE SEA-SIDE IN THE SUMMER? BECAUSE I COULDN'T STOP AT A DULL PLACE AND WHERE THE HAIR WASN'T VERY BRACING!!"



THE MAN IN BRASS LAMENTING THE DECLINE OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



DELIGHTFUL PRIVILEGE DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.

YOU MAY BATHE IN THE SERPENTINE FROM 6 UNTIL 7 IN THE MORNING, AND 7 UNTIL 8 IN THE EVENING.



SUGGESTIVE OF A PICTURESQUE FIGURE.

Stout Old Gentleman. "A SHOWER-BATH MAKE YOUR HAIR IN A MESS! NOT A BIT OF IT, IF YOU WEAR AN OIL-SKIN CAP LIKE THIS, AS I DO."



THE BEARD AND MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Guard. "NOW, MA'AM, IS THIS YOUR LUGGAGE?"
Old Lady (who concludes she is attacked by Brigands). "OH, YES! GENTLEMEN, IT'S MINE. TAKE IT—TAKE ALL I HAVE—BUT SPARE, OH SPARE OUR LIVES!!"



Railway Porter. "NOW THEN, SIR! BY YOUR LEAVE!"



MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Gent. "I SAY, MOSEY! WHY DON'T YER GO THE 'OLE 'OG, AND LET ALL YER BEARD GROW, LIKE ME?"



First Languid Party. "DON'T YOU FIND SEA AIR VERY STRENGTHENING, JACK?"
Second Ditto Ditto. "AH, VEWY! I COULD THROW STONES IN THE WATER ALL DAY!"



ADVANTAGES OF THE NEW POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.



Master Tom (to Old Lady who is very nervous about fire). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, GRANMA! MY CANDLE IS OUT. I'M ONLY SMOKING MY USUAL WEED!"



SEA-SIDE SATURDAY EVENING.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HUSBANDS' BOAT."



A BIT OF HIS MIND.

Edward (to his Military Cousin). "NO! I SHAN'T! I SHAN'T GO AND SHOOT BLACKBIRDS; AND I TELL YOU WHAT, MASTER CHARLEY, YOU DRAGOON SWELLS WON'T HAVE QUITE SUCH A PULL UPON US CIVILIANS NOW, FOR WE ARE ALL GOING TO GROW BEARDS AND MOUSTACHIOS."



THE GREAT LINEN-DRAPERY NUISANCE.

First Linen-draper. "WHAT'S THE NEXT ARTICLE I CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SHOWING YOU, SIR?"

Victim. "NOTHING MORE, THANK YOU."

Second Linen-draper. "WE'VE SOME SWEET THINGS IN SHAWLS, SIR—QUITE NEW."

Third Linen-draper. "ALLOW ME, SIR, TO TEMPT YOU WITH ONE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL HANDKERCHIEFS."

Fourth Linen-draper. "THESE DRESSES, SIR," &c.

Fifth Linen-draper. "HERE ARE LADIES' APRONS, SIR, MOST BEAUTIFULLY WORKED, QUITE ELEGANT, VERY TASTY, AND FASHIONABLE," &c.

[VICTIM *resolves never to enter the shop again.*



MUCH EXCITED, BUT MISTAKEN WOULD-BE NIMROD, WHO, HAVING BEEN THROWN OUT, IS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE HAS COME UP WITH SOME OF THE TAIL HOUNDS—"HUIC FOR-R-A-D-E—FOR-R-A-A-D THEN!"

[*Great demonstration of disgust on the part of Old Gentleman out shooting.*



FASHIONS FOR FAST MEN.

Tom. "WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST FOR TROUSERS, BILL, CHECKS OR STRIPES?"

Bill. "WELL, I THINK CHECKS ARE UNCOMMON SUPERIOR, BUT STRIPES IS MOST NOBBY."



Angelina. "WILL MY DARLING EDWIN GRANT HIS ANGELINA A BOON?"
Edwin. "IS THERE ANYTHING ON EARTH HER EDWIN WOULD NOT DO FOR HIS PET?—NAME THE BOON, OH, DEAREST—NAME IT!"
Angelina. "THEN, LOVE, AS WE DINE BY OURSELVES TO-MORROW, LET US, OH! LET US HAVE ROAST PORK, WITH PLENTY OF SAGE AND ONIONS!"

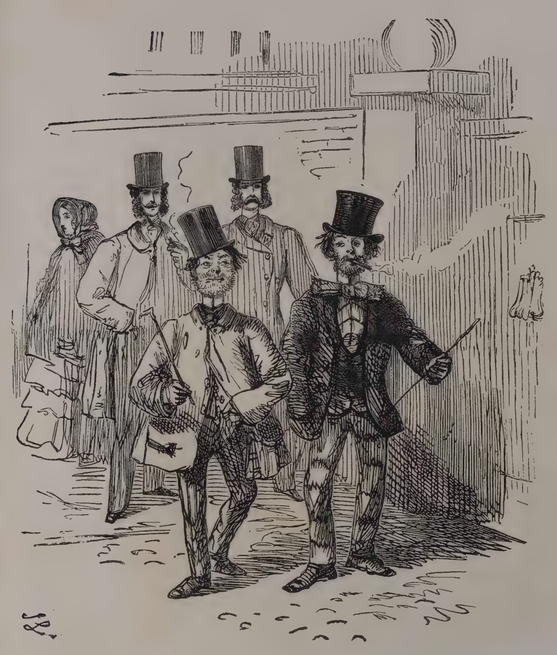
MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.



ROTTEN ROW IN 1851.



First Butcher-Boy. "SO THEY'VE DONE AWAY WITH SMITHFEL."
Second Butcher-Boy. "AH! THEY'LL SOON BE BOWLING OUT HALL OUR OLD INSTITOOSHUNS."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

"MY EYE, TOM, WHAT A 'ORRID BORE IT MUST BE FOR THE HORFICER SWELLS, NOW WE'VE TOOK TO WEARIN' OUR MOOSTARSHERS, THE GALS CAN'T TELL HUS FROM THEM, NOW!"



THE DRIVE IN 1851.



WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF ETHER IN A CASE OF SCOLDING WIFE.

Patient. "THIS IS REALLY QUITE DELIGHTFUL—A MOST BEAUTIFUL DREAM."



RATHER AWKWARD FOR TOMKINS.

Young Diana. "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO GO FIRST, AND BREAK THE TOP RAIL, MY PONY WOULD GET OVER."



A COUNTRY BALL.

First Amiable Lady (very loud). "WHAT A REMARKABLY ODD SET OF PEOPLE ONE MEETS AT A PUBLIC BALL!"
Second Do. "OH, VERY DROLL!"
Poor Little Swell. "YETH; AND SO THTWANGELY DRETHED!"



MR. HAYCOCK, HAVING HEARD OF THE MERITS OF BRUISED OATS FOR HORSES, REQUESTS HIS FRIEND BRIGGS TO SEND HIM A COUPLE OF "BRUISERS," MR. BRIGGS DESPATCHES THE "WHITECHAPEL CHICKEN" AND THE "BAYSWATER SLASHER."



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Whip. "HOLD HARD, GENTLEMEN! WARE WHEAT! WARE WHEAT!!"
Young Farmer. "COME ON, GENTLEMEN. NEVER MIND THE WHEAT—IT'S ONLY THIRTY SHILLINGS A QUARTER!!"



Exquisite (to the Mamma of Performer). "WHAT A PITY THAT GURL'S FRIENDS DON'T TAKE HER AWAY FROM THAT PIANO. SHE'S NOT BAD LOOKING, BUT SHE HAS GOT A VOICE LIKE A PEACOCK!!!"



MANLY SORROW.

Swell on Horseback. "WHY, CHARLEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD BOY? YOU SEEM OUT OF SPIRITS."
Swell on Foot. "AH! I'VE HAD A SAD LOSS, FRED! I'VE LOST THE LITTLE GRIDIRON OFF MY CHATELAINE!!"



QUITE A NOVELTY.

Amiable Experimentalist. "MAKES A DELICIOUS SIDE DISH, DOESN'T IT? BUT IT IS NOT THE COMMON MUSHROOM; IT'S A LARGE FUNGUS, CALLED THE AGARICUS PROCERUS. IT GROWS SOLITARY IN HEDGE-ROWS, IS CALLED COLUBRINUS, FROM THE SNAKE-LIKE MARKINGS ON ITS STEM. THE PILEUS IS COVERED WITH SCALES, WHICH ARE FORMED BY THE BREAKING-UP OF THE MUD-COLOURED EPIDERMIS, AND——"

[*General panic takes place.*



TO BE SOLD—THE PROPERTY OF AN OFFICER GOING ABROAD.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



DRESS CIRCLE AT PUNCH AND JUDY.



THE WEDDING DAY—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND SUCH A LOVELY BRACELET!!



THE INFLUENZA.

"THIS IS REALLY VERY KIND OF YOU TO CALL. CAN I OFFER YOU ANYTHING—A BASIN OF GRUEL, OR A GLASS OF COUGH MIXTURE? DON'T SAY NO."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—HOW TO FLATTER A GENT.

Mr. Noses. "GOT ANY OLD CLOTHES, SIR? (*whispers*) ANY LEFT-OFF UNIFORMS, CAPTAIN?"



THE WEDDING DAY—FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BUNDLE OF ASPARAGUS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND THE NICEST DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR IN THE WORLD!!

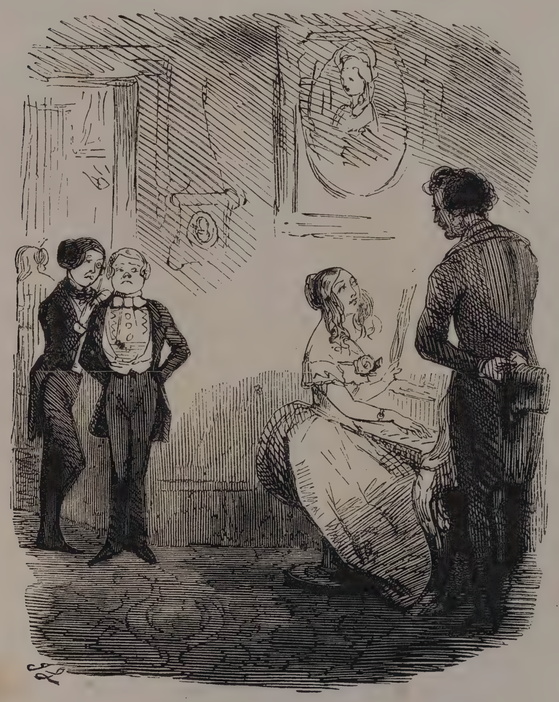


Boy. "HERE YOU AIR, SIR. THREE PAIR O' STRAPS FOR SIXPENCE."



SCENE.—BUREAU OF THE CHIEFS OF THE DOUANES.

French Official. "YOU HAVE PASSPORT?"
English Gent. "NONG, MOSSOO."
Official. "YOUR NAME?"
Gent. "BELVILLE."
Official. "CHRISTIAN NOM?"
Gent. "'ARRY!"
Official. "PROFESSION?"
Gent. "BANKER!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "I WONDER WHETHER THAT GURL HAS GOT ANY TIN—FOR I FEEL MOST OWDACIOUSLY INCLINED TO GO AND CUT THAT FELLOW OUT."

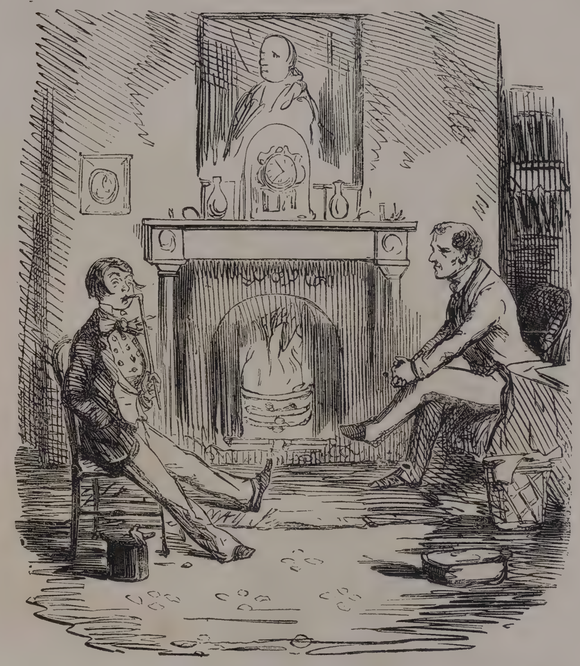


DINNER-TIME AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF 1851.



MR. 'ARRY BELVILLE ON THE CONTINENT GENERALLY.

'Arry Belville. "YES! I LIKE IT EXTREMELY. I LIKE THE *Lazy Ally* SORT OF FEELING. I LIKE SITTING AT THE DOOR OF A *Caffy* TO SMOKE MY CIGAR; AND ABOVE ALL (*onter noo*) IT'S A GREAT COMFORT TO WEAR ONE'S BEARD WITHOUT BEING LARFED AT!"



MEETING HIM HALF WAY.

Young Hopeful. "WELL, IT'S OF NO USE, GOVERNOR: I CAN'T STICK TO BUSINESS. I WAN'T TO BE A SOLDIER, AND YOU MUST BUY ME A COMMISSION."
Governor. "NO, MY BOY, I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY YOU A COMMISSION, BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I *WILL* DO; IF YOU WILL GO DOWN TO CHATHAM AND ENLIST, I WILL GIVE YOU MY WORD OF HONOUR I WON'T BUY YOU OFF!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



A SKETCH FROM THE BOULEVARD AT PARIS.



CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS DURING THE HOT WEATHER.

NEVER GO TO SLEEP WHILE YOU ARE HAVING YOUR HAIR CUT IN PARIS, OR IT MAY BE CUT IN THE FIRST STYLE OF FASHION!



FOREIGN NOBLEMAN IN DIFFICULTY.



HAYMAKING.



CONSOLS AT 90.

Husband. "WELL! I DECLARE I'M QUITE GLAD IT'S A WET DAY. IT WILL BE AN EXCUSE TO STOP AT HOME WITH MY DARLING LITTLE PIPSEY POPSY. WHAT DO YOU SAY, DICKEY! EH? PRETTY DICK! PRETTY DICK!"



CONSOLS AT 80.

Husband. "GO OUT FOR A WALK! NONSENSE! I'VE SOMETHING ELSE TO DO. I THINK, TOO, YOU MIGHT PULL DOWN THAT BLIND, UNLESS YOU WANT THE SUN TO SPOIL ALL THE FURNITURE; AND, DEAR, DEAR, DO FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, JEMIMA, TAKE THAT D—— CANARY OUT OF THE ROOM!"



A BRILLIANT IDEA.

Matilda. "OH, LOOK YE HERE, TOMMY! S'POSE WE PLAY AT YOUR BEING THE BIG FOOTMAN, AND ME AND LIZZERBUTH 'LL BE THE FINE LADIES IN THE CARRIDGE!"



THE RAILWAY ENGINE AND THE FOXHUNTER—A PROSPECTIVE SKETCH.



VERY KIND.

"WELL! GOOD BYE, UNCLE! I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF VERY MUCH IN THE COUNTRY; AND IF YOU WILL RUN UP TO LONDON AT ANY TIME, I'LL SHOW YOU A LITTLE LIFE!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

First Juvenile (in Cab). "WELL, CHARLEY, HAVE YOU HAD IT OUT WITH THE OLD BOY?"
Second Juvenile. "YA—AS; AND—AW—WHAT DO YOU THINK THE UNDUTIFUL OLD GOVERNOR SA—AYS?"
First Juvenile. "HAVEN'T THE LEAST ID—EAW."
Second Juvenile. "WHY, HE SA—AYS I MUST DO SOMETHING TO GET MY OWN LIVING!"
First Juvenile. "OH LAW! WHAT A HORRID BAW!"



A DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



Railway Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE, SIR?"
Traveller. "YAS—CARPET-BAG AND CIGAR-CASE."



VALENTINE'S DAY.



PRIVATE OPINION.

Lieutenant Whobble (who has just been embodied). "HAH! THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE! INFINITELY BETTER THAN THE RIDICULOUS OLD COATEE!!"



John Thomas. "I TELL YOU WHAT, WILLIAM—THE PRESS MUST BE PUT DOWN! THEY'VE BIN AND GOT THE SOLDIERS' UNIFORM ALTERED, AND I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF THEY CALLED OURS RIDIKLUS NEXT!"



PATERFAMILIAS INSISTS THAT THE GIRLS SHALL WEAR VERY STOUT BOOTS IN THE WET WEATHER; BUT THE GIRLS DON'T AT ALL LIKE "THE NASTY, GREAT, UGLY, CLUMSY, THICK THINGS!"



"YOUTH AT THE PROW, AND PLEASURE AT THE HELM."

"THE HAPPY PAIR THEN STARTED FOR THE CONTINENT, VIA FOLKESTONE, TO SPEND THE HONEYMOON."



Irritated Swell. "RING? YES, OF COURSE I RUNG! HOW THE DEUCE DO YOU SUPPOSE I'M TO DO MY BACK HAIR WITH ONLY ONE CANDLE?"



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Foxhunter. "HERE'S A BORE, JACK! THE GROUND IS HALF A FOOT THICK WITH SNOW, AND IT'S FREEZING LIKE MAD!"



LITERAL.

Young Lady. "PRAY, CABMAN, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"
Cabman. "LOR BLESS YER, MISS, WHY, I'VE BEEN MARRIED THIS SEVEN YEARS."



GOOD SECURITY.

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, GIVE ME A BROWN?"
Swell. "SIXPENCE IS THE SMALLEST MONEY I HAVE, MY LITTLE LAD."
Boy. "VEL, SIR, I'LL GET YER CHANGE; AND IF YER DOUBTS MY HONOUR, HOLD MY BROOM!"



"DON'T MOVE THERE, WE SHALL CLEAR YOU!"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Foot Boy. "WELL, SIR, MASTER HIS AT 'OME, BUT HE'S CONFINED TO HIS ROOM. HE'S A GROWIN' OF HIS MOOSTARSHERS, AND AIN'T ALLOWED TO SEE NOBODY BUT HIS 'AIRDRESSER."

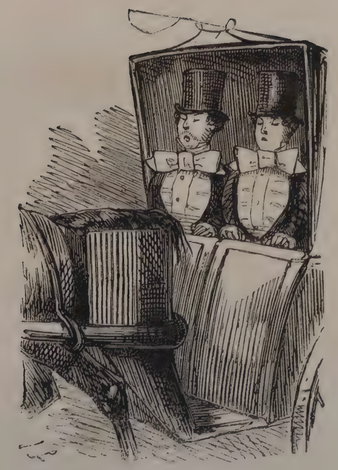
PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



A FRESH MORNING.



WHAT MUST BE THE NEXT FASHION IN BONNETS.



HOW YOUNG GENTLEMEN FROM SCHOOL GO TO SEE A PANTOMIME NOW-A-DAYS.



Stout Party. "WELL, I'M SURE! WHAT CAN POSSESS THOSE SKINNY CREATURES TO WEAR ROUND HATS, I CAN'T THINK,—MAKING THEMSELVES SO CONSPICUOUS!"



THE POLICE WEAR BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES. PANIC AMONGST THE STREET BOYS.



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

Officer (*who is going to the East*). "OF COURSE IT'S RATHER A BORE JUST AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON—AND I SHALL MISS THE DERBY! WISH THEY COULD HAVE HAD THE RUSSIANS OVER HERE, BECAUSE THEN WE COULD HAVE THRASHED 'EM IN HYDE PARK, AND DINED AT GREENWICH AFTERWARDS, YOU KNOW."



THE SEA-SIDE HAT.

WHAT IS ENOUGH FOR ONE IS ENOUGH FOR TWO.



ON THE MOORS.

Mr. Puff. "MY BIRD, I THINK."
Mr. Muff. "BELONGS TO *ME*, I FANCY," &c. &c. &c.



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

DELIGHT OF ONE OF OUR GUARDS NOW HE FEELS THAT THE COUNTRY WILL PROTECT "THE GIRL HE LEAVES BEHIND HIM."



THE REMONSTRANCE.

London Merchant. "WHY, WHAT IS THE USE OF YOUR BEING IN A RESPECTABLE HOUSE OF BUSINESS IF YOU PROCEED IN THIS ABSURD, VULGAR MANNER? NOW, TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, UNLESS YOU MEND VERY CONSIDERABLY, YOU WILL GO ON FROM BAD TO WORSE. YOU WILL BECOME A PETTY HUCKSTER; FROM THAT YOU WILL, IN ALL PROBABILITY, GET TO BE A MERE COMMON-COUNCILMAN; THEN AN ALDERMAN; WHEN, AFTER A COURSE OF GLUTTONY AND TOMFOOLERY, PAINFUL TO THINK OF, YOU WILL MAKE A RIDICULOUS TERMINATION TO YOUR CONTEMPTIBLE CAREER BY ACTUALLY BECOMING A LORD MAYOR."



PATERFAMILIAS MAKES HIMSELF INDEPENDENT OF HOTELS.



Buyer. "IS HE WELL BROKE?"
Seller. "LOR, BLESS YE! LOOK AT HIS KNEES!"



"NOW, CHARLEY! HERE'S THAT PRETTY ROUND HAT AGAIN—WE *WILL* HAVE A LOOK AT HER THIS TIME."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

MASTER SMITH, AS HE APPEARED TRYING TO FORCE HIS MOUSTACHES FOR THE BROWNS' PARTY.



FLY-FISHING.

MR. BUNGLE ALWAYS MAKES HIS FLIES ON THE BANK OF THE STREAM. HERE IS ONE OF HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS.



First Cabby (who is run up against). "NOW, THEN! WHERE DID YOU PICK UP THAT OLD STRAWBERRY POTTLE YOU CALLS A CAB?"
Second Cabby (who retorts). "SAME PLACE WHERE YER FOUND THAT BIT OF OLD RAG YER CALLS A 'ORSE."



Omnibus Driver. "I DON'T LIKE BEING A HABSENTEE, JEM; BUT IF THIS PRECIOUS EASTERLY VIND LASTS MUCH LONGER, I SHALL BE HOFF WITH MY FAMILY TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE."



"THIS IS ABOUT THE MARK, I THINK."



HOW KIND.

Cruel Little Puth. "OH, HARRIET DEAR—PUT ON YOUR HAT AND LET US THEE THE STEAMBOAT COME IN. THE THEA IS THO ROUGH!—AND THE PEOPLE WILL BE *SO* ABTHURDLY THICK!!!"



"DO YOU BELIEVE IN THIS TABLE-TALKING, MATILDA, THAT THERE'S SUCH A FUSS ABOUT?"

"OH, DEAR NO! WHY, THE OTHER EVENING A TABLE WAS ASKED HOW OLD I WAS, AND IT RAPPED OUT FORTY! RIDICULOUS, WHEN I'M NOT THREE-AND-TWENTY TILL NEXT MARCH!"



A SPORTING GENT PRACTISING AT JACKSON'S GROUND FOR THE HUNTING SEASON.



"MICHAELMAS DAY. THE CHEAP TAILOR'S GOOSE PROVIDES HIMSELF WITH A SHOOTING JACKET AND VEST."



THE OPERA.

Door-Keeper. "BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT YOU MUST, INDEED, SIR, BE IN FULL DRESS!"
Snob (excited). "FULL DRESS!! WHY, WHAT DO YER CALL THIS?"



SCENE—PALAIS ROYAL.

Garçon (to London Gent). "VOILÀ! M'SIEU! LE CHARIVARI—FRENCH PUNCH. GOOD MORNING SARE! OH, I SPEAK INGLEES VERRA WELL—I LIVE IN INGLEES COFFEE TRREE MUNSE. OH YAS—ALL RIGHT!—NEVARE MIND!!" *[Jumps over three chairs and vanishes, to the great astonishment of* TOMKINS.



Gentleman in Cart. "I SAY, GUV'NOR, BRING US OUT A SPOONFUL O' GIN FOR THE OLD LADY, WILL YER?—AND I'LL TAKE A PINT O' MILD ALE—AND LOOK HERE. I DON'T WANT IT THICK—FOR I *AIN'T HUNGRY!*".



Old Gentleman. "NOW, AUGUSTUS; YOU HAVE HAD ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD EDUCATION. YOU HAVE BEEN WELL BROUGHT UP; AND AS I BELIEVE YOU TO BE A WELL-DISPOSED BOY, I SHOULD WISH YOU TO CHOOSE YOUR OWN PROFESSION. COME, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?"

Augustus. "I KNOW WHAT I SHOULD LIKE—BUT YOU WOULDN'T LET ME."

Old Gentleman. "WHAT IS IT—A LAWYER?"
Aug. "NO: IT AIN'T A LAWYER."
Old Gent. "A SURGEON?"
Aug. "NO."
Old Gent. "A PARSON?"
Aug. "NO."
Old Gent. "A SOLDIER?"
Aug. "NO."
Old Gent. "WHAT, THEN?"
Aug. "WHY—A CLOWN AT ASTLEY'S."



AS WELL BE OUT OF THE WORLD AS OUT OF THE FASHION.

Old Gentleman (who is of course much behind his age). "WELL, MY LITTLE DEAR, AND PRAY WHAT NICE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?"

Little Girl. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I'M A PUSEYITE, AND SO'S BESSY 'ARRIS. *(To Young Lady)* AIN'T WE, MEM?"



THE FINISHING TOUCH TO A PICTURE.

Artist. "NOW, DON'T HESITATE TO SAY IF YOU SEE ANYTHING I CAN ALTER OR IMPROVE."

Candid Friend. "HM! WELL! NO! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING—UNLESS, PERHAPS, YOU-A MIGHT REPAINT THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES, AND—I—YES—I SHOULD CERTAINLY GET A NEW BACKGROUND IN."



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

DISMAY OF A BRITISH SWELL ON SEEING A POSTMAN WITH MOUSTACHES.



A PRETTY GENERAL OPINION.

Mr. Kiddlums. "WELL, ELIZABETH—I HOPE WE SHALL HAVE A PRIZE BABY SHOW HERE—AND THEN—I FLATTER MYSELF—* * * * *"



CLOSE OF THE SEASON—THE LONDON FOOTMAN EXHAUSTED.



BUSINESS-LIKE.

"I SAY, CHARLEY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER GO BACK TO YOUR CUSTOMER?"
Incipient Wine Merchant. "NOT YET. ALWAYS GONE A QUARTER OF AN HOUR FOR THE *VERY* OLD PORT—FURTHER END OF THE CELLAR! CELLAR'S VERY EXTENSIVE! GREAT CARE NECESSARY FOR FEAR OF DISTURBING THE CRUST, YOU KNOW—ET CÆTERA—TWIG?"



BEGINNING FIRES FOR THE WINTER.—SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CHIMNEY.

Sweep (*loq.*). "THIS CHIMLEY ALWAYS WAS A BAD UN TO SMOKE, SIR; THE PARTY AS LIVED HERE BEFORE YOU CAME HAD A DEAL OF TROUBLE WITH IT."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Augustus. "ARE YOU FOND OF MOUSTARSHERS, EMILY?"
Emily. "YES! I THINK THEY LOOK VERY WELL UPON SOME PEOPLE."
Augustus. "AH! THEN THAT SETTLES THE POINT. I *SHALL LET MINE GROW*"



AN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE ON AN EXCURSION.



JACK ASHORE.

Policeman. "HOLLO, JACK! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE NOT SORRY TO COME ON LAND FOR A BIT?"
Jack (*who hasn't got his shore legs yet*). "WELL, IT AIN'T SUCH A BAD PLACE FOR A DAY OR TWO—ONLY IT'S SO PRECIOUS DIFFICULT TO WALK STRAIGHT!"



EXTREME DELICACY.

Exquisite in Cab. "AW—BE KIND ENOUGH, IF YOU PLEASE, TO FETCH—AW—AN—AW—UMBRELLAW, AND HOLD IT OV-AW ME WHILE I—AW—GET OUT."



PATERFAMILIAS SUPERINTENDS IN PERSON THE REMOVAL OF THE SNOW FROM THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE.—



Ostler. "PLEASE TO TAKE 'IM GENTLY OVER THE WOOD-PAVEMENT, SIR; FOR HE'S WERRY FRESH THIS MORNING."



"I WISH, MISTER, YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO STOP THE PRESS AND PUT THIS IN A GOOD PLACE (*reads*): '*Hemily. Don't delay, but return to yer broken-arted Adolphus, or there's no knowing what may be the consequence!!!*'"



PLEASING EFFECT BELOW.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.



"DEAR! DEAR! DEAR! HOW VERY PROVOKING! HERE'S ONE END OF THE BARREL COME OUT, AND ALL THE OYSTERS MIXED WITH MY CLEAN COLLARS!"



THE BATTLE OF THE PIANOS.



Old Lady. "AH! I WAS JUST SUCH ANOTHER WHEN I WAS HER AGE."



A CAUTION DURING THE MISTLETOE SEASON TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO WEAR SHARP-POINTED MOUSTACHES.

Pretty Cousin. "WHAT A TIRESOME GREAT AWKWARD BOY YOU ARE!—JUST SEE HOW YOU HAVE SCRATCHED MY CHIN!"

[*Young Gentleman apologises amply.*



OUR "USED UP" MAN HAS A FEW "USED UP" FRIENDS TO BREAKFAST; AFTER WHICH THEY DERIVE A LITTLE REAL ENJOYMENT FROM A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.



SCENE—DRAWING-ROOM.

Enter HORRID BOY.

Horrid Boy (*capering about*). "OH, LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN! I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT CLARA STUFFS HER HAIR OUT WITH. THEY'RE WHISKERS LIKE YOURS!" [*Sensation.*



"I BEG YOUR PARDON, MA'AM, BUT I THINK YOU DROPPED THIS."



THE LIFE-GUARDS AT BOULOGNE.—1853.

AFTER THE FATIGUES OF THE REVIEW, A GALLANT FELLOW IS SHOWN HIS BED.



MIGHT IS RIGHT.

Van Driver. "I DON'T KNOW NUTHUN ABOUT NO RIGHT SIDES NOR WRONG SIDES. YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY, IF YER DON'T WANT TO BE MADE A WAFER OF!"

[*Where are the Police?*

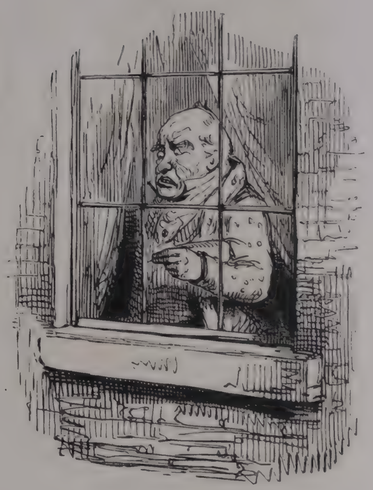


Mr. Bounce. "I TELL YOU WHAT, OLD BOY, FINISH THAT, AND YOU SHALL HAVE SOME OF MY *PECULIAR* OLD PORT. I'VE HAD IT IN BOTTLE MYSELF NINE YEARS."

THIS IS THE PECULIAR OLD PORT.



THE DISTURBER OF THE PEACE OF PRIVATE FAMILIES.





THE SETTLING DAY OF THE "BETTING-OFFICE" FREQUENTER.

(SPORTING YOUTH IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BORROWED HIS MASTER'S CASH BOX TO PAY HIS BETS.)



USEFUL SUNDAY LITERATURE FOR THE MASSES; OR, MURDER MADE FAMILIAR.

Father of a Family (reads). "The wretched Murderer is supposed to have cut the throats of his three eldest Children, and then to have killed the Baby by beating it repeatedly with a Poker. * * * * * In person he is of a rather bloated appearance, with a bull neck, small eyes, broad large nose, and coarse vulgar mouth. His dress was a light blue coat, with brass buttons, elegant yellow summer vest, and pepper-and-salt trousers. When at the Station House he expressed himself as being rather 'peckish,' and said he should like a Black Pudding, which, with a Cup of Coffee, was immediately procured for him."



Conductor (*very loud*). "GO ON, BILL; HERE'S THAT UGLY OLD COVE, WOT ALWAYS KICKS UP SUCH A ROW, AND MAKES HISSELF SO DISAGREEABLE, JUST GOT IN!"

Driver. "OH, HAS HE? I'VE A DOOCED GOOD MIND TO PITCH HIM OVER, AND BREAK HIS STUPID OLD 'ED!!"



"WELL, THEY MAY CALL THIS A HEALTH-GIVING PURSUIT, IF THEY LIKE: BUT GIVE ME ROACH-FISHING IN A PUNT."



Passenger. "SIXPENCE! WHY, IT'S MARKED UP THREEPENCE!"

Conductor. "YES, SIR. THREPPUNSE WHEN YOU DON'T GET IN BETWEEN CHARING CROSS AND THE BANK, OR FROM TUESDAYS TO MILE END DOWN TO THE GATE BY UNGERFOD, OR EDGER ROAD TO BLACK LION LANE OR RATHBONE PLACE AND BLACKWALL RAILWAY—OR ELSE YOU MUST GET OUT AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, OR YOU CAN GO TO PIMLICO ALL THE WAY IF YOU LIKE—BEYOND THAT DISTANCE—IT'S SIXPUNSE!"



THE YOUNG GENT WHO IS GOING TO MAKE A RAPID FORTUNE BY BETTING.



THE COWBRIDGE YEOMANRY RE-FORMING.



MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER A LONG FROST.



Groom. "YOU'LL FIND THE MARE IN RARE FETTLE, SIR. SHE'S UNCOMMON FRESH TO BE SURE!"



SO FRESH THAT SHE WON'T LET T.N. MOUNT FOR EVER SO LONG, AND WHEN SHE DOES



ARRIVED AT THE MEET, LITTLE TOM NODDY THINKS HE WILL HAVE A QUIET WEED; BUT AT THIS MOMENT



THE HOUNDS MOVE FOR THE COVER, AND THE MARE BECOMES FULL OF PLAY AGAIN.



ALLOW HIM, PUTS UP HER BACK IN THE MOST OMINOUS MANNER.



SHE SHIES AT A WHEELBARROW—A THING SHE NEVER DID BEFORE. (T. N. DROPS HIS WHIP.) AFTER SOME



TROUBLE IN OPENING A GATE, HE GETS UPON A NICE PIECE OF TURF. (T. N. DROPS HIS WHIP AGAIN, BY-THE-BY.) THE MARE ENJOYS HERSELF AMAZINGLY.



HAVING PICKED HIMSELF UP, TOGETHER WITH HIS WHIP AND CIGAR, T. N. JOGS ON WITH THE REST OF THE FIELD. AS THEY PASS BY SOME TURNIPS, TO THE DELIGHT OF EVERYBODY, A FOX GETS UP. THE MARE, WHO HAD BECOME ALMOST STEADY, IS AGAIN EXCITED, AND RUSHES WILDLY A-HEAD, AMIDST THE EXECRATIONS OF THE HUNT, AND LOUD CRIES OF "HOLD HARD!" WHICH T. N. MISTAKES FOR ANXIETY ON HIS ACCOUNT; AND GRASPING THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE WITH BOTH HANDS, ABANDONS HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, WHICH, CONSIDERING THERE IS A FLIGHT OF HURDLES BEFORE HIM, ARE NOT VERY FAVOURABLE.



VERY ACCOMMODATING.

Cabman. "WANT A CAB, SIR? TAKE YER ANYVERE, ANY DISTANCE, ANY PRICE, AND WHEN YER PLEASE. TROT YER DOWN TO VITECHAPEL OR 'ACKNEY, OR SPIN YER ALONG LIKE ONE O'CLOCK TO HEGHAM, STAINES, OR WINDSOR."



M.P. "DID YOU SEE THIS ADMIRABLE SUGGESTION IN THE PAPER, TO PULL DOWN THE TEMPLE BAR?"
Swell. "PULL DOWN THE TEMPLE BAR! A MOST EARNESTLY HOPE NOT—WHY, GOOD GWACIOUS! IT'S THE PWINCIPAL BARWIER BETWEEN US AND THE HORWID CITY!"



Railway Official. "YOU'D BETTER NOT SMOKE, SIR!"
Traveller. "THAT'S WHAT MY FRIENDS SAY."
Railway Official. "BUT YOU *MUSN'T* SMOKE, SIR!"

Traveller. "SO MY DOCTOR TELLS ME."
Railway Official (indignantly). "BUT YOU *SHAN'T* SMOKE, SIR!"
Traveller. "AH! JUST WHAT MY WIFE SAYS."



A VISIT TO THE ANTEDILUVIAN REPTILES AT SYDENHAM—MASTER TOM STRONGLY OBJECTS TO HAVING HIS MIND IMPROVED

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER A LONG FROST.



FORTUNATELY FOR TOM NODDY, HOWEVER, THE MARE SWERVES AT THE HURDLES, AND WITH THE EXCEPTION OF DROPPING HIS WHIP AGAIN HE MEETS WITH NO GREAT INCONVENIENCE.



BUT COMING TO THE FIRST FENCE, THE PLAYFUL CREATURE GOES AT IT LIKE A SHOT OUT OF A GUN;



THE MARE EXTRICATES HERSELF FROM THE DIFFICULTY SOONER THAN OUR LITTLE FRIEND, AND GETTING AWAY FROM HIM, TAKES A LINE OF HER OWN.



T. N. FINDS RUNNING AFTER HIS QUADRUPED VERY LABORIOUS, HE RESTS HIMSELF ON A STILE, AND HAS ANOTHER QUIET WEED.



AND T. N. FINDS THAT THERE IS STILL A GOOD DEAL OF SNOW IN SOME OF THE DITCHES.



THIS REPRESENTS THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN TOM NODDY, AFTER MUCH EXERCISE, MEETS A SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN RETURNING WITH THE MARE. THE SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN IS ASSURING T. N. THAT HE HAD A DEAL OF TROUBLE TO CATCH HER, AND THEN IT WUR TWENTY MINUTES AFORE HE COULD MAKE HER LEAVE THE 'OUNDS—AND THEN ONLY 'ACAUSE SHE WUR QUITE "BLOWED."—(*N.B. The simple countryman hopes T. N. will remember him.*)



"WO—MARE. HANG IT!—ANYTHING IN REASON I DON'T MIND; BUT, AS A FATHER OF A FAMILY, I DON'T FEEL JUSTIFIED IN GOING AT SUCH A GATE AS THAT."



THE TOO FAITHFUL TALEOTYPE.

Georgina (in riding habit). "WELL, DEAR! I DECLARE IT'S THE VERY IMAGE OF YOU! I NEVER!"
Sarah Jane (who insists upon seeing the plate). "LIKE ME? FOR GOODNESS' SAKE DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, GEORGINA. I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY ABSURD! WHY, IT HAS GIVEN ME A STUPID LITTLE TURN-UP NOSE, AND A MOUTH THAT'S ABSOLUTELY ENORMOUS!"



THE POULTRY MANIA.

Miss ——. "GOOD GRACIOUS, EMILY. WHAT HORRID FRIGHTS!"
Emily. "FRIGHTS? MY DEAR? WHY, THEY ARE LOVELY COCHIN CHINA FOWLS, AND WORTH—OH! EVER SO MUCH."



Young Lady (whose birthday it is). "OH, YES! I HAVE HAD A GREAT NUMBER OF NICE PRESENTS; BUT I WONDER WHO SENT ME THIS BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET?"
Handsome Party (with moustaches, presence of mind, and great expression of eye). "AND CAN'T YOU GUESS?" *(Sighs deeply.)*
[N.B. Poor BINKS, *who was at all the trouble and expense of getting the said bouquet from Covent Garden, is supposed to be watching the effect of his gift with some anxiety.*



ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

1st Collier. "SURREY, DUST THEE KNOW THE BISHOP'S COMING TO-MORROW?"
2nd Do. "WOT'S THAT?"
1st Do. (emphatically). "THE BISHOP!"
2nd Do. "OI DON'T KNOW WHAT THEE MEAN'ST, BUT MOY BITCH, ROSE, SHALL PIN HER!"



MR. PUNCH AT HOME.



NOTHING LIKE KNOWING THE COUNTRY.

Huntsman (to Officer going Abroad). "PLEASE BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS GIVE MY RESPECTS TO MASTER HARRY."
Officer. "OH! BUT MY BROTHER IS IN THE WEST INDIES, AND I AM GOING TO THE EAST."
Huntsman. "MAYHAP YOU'LL MEET AT T'COVER SIDE ALL THE SAME, SIR."



NEW CHRISTMAS GAME FOR FOX-HUNTERS DURING A LONG FROST.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Frederick. "NOW THEN, WILLIAM, WHAT ARE YER WAITIN' FOR?"
William. "WHY, I WAS A-THINKIN' VETHER I SHOULD WEAR MY MOOSTARCHERS LIKE THIS HERE OR LIKE THAT HARE."



A BIT OF SERIOUS PANTOMIME—A MESSAGE FROM THE LORDS.



"HI!—THERE!—STOP!"



LONG VACATION.

NOW THEN, LATITAT, TUCK IN YOUR SIX-AND-EIGHTPENNY!"



"NOW, LOBSTER! KEEP THE POT A-BILING!"



EFFECTS OF SALT WATER, AS OBSERVED AT THE REGATTA BALL.

—*Weatherspoon, Esq.* (*of the Oriana, R.Y.S.*). "I SAY, TOM, WHAT'S THAT LITTLE CRAFT WITH THE BLACK VELVET FLYING AT THE FORE, CLOSE UNDER THE LEE-SCUPPERS OF THE MAN-OF-WAR?"

Honourable Binnacle (*of the Matilda, R.V.Y.C.*). "WHY, FROM HER FORE AND AFT RIG, AND THE CUT OF HER MAINSAIL, I SHOULD SAY SHE'S DOWN FROM THE PORT OF LONDON; BUT I'LL SIGNAL THE COMMODORE TO COME AND INTRODUCE US."



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Young Farmer, No. 1. "WELL, CHARLEY—HAVE YOU HAD MUCH SHOOTING, LATELY?"

Young Farmer, No. 2. "WHY, NO; WHAT WITH HUNTING TWO DAYS A-WEEK, AND COURSING TWO DAYS, I DON'T GET MUCH TIME TO GO OUT WITH A GUN."



EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT.

Man of Refinement. "NOW DON'T, MY GOOD MAN—PRAY DON'T—I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO SAY. YOU ARE GOING TO SAY 'YA!—HA!—SPARRER-GRASS.' DO ALLOW ME TO PERSUADE YOU TO CALL IT ASPARAGUS—AND HERE IS SIXPENCE FOR YOU."



USEFUL, IF NOT ORNAMENTAL.

Master Alfred (*an ingenious Boy*). "LOOK HERE, WALTER! SEE WHAT A JOLLY TARGET OLD AUNT BETSY'S ROUND HAT MAKES."



THE REAL FLOWER-SHOW.



COMPLIMENTARY.

Bus Driver. "NOW THEN, OUT OF THE WAY, YOU TWO!"



RATHER A DROP.

City Gent (*who fancies himself a Judge of a Horse, and no end of a Swell*). "THAT'S A NICE LITTLE TIT, CABBY, AND BROUGHT US ALONG WELL!"

Cabby. "YESSIR! HE IS A NICE LITTLE 'OS, *HE* IS—BUT LOR BLESS YER! HIS 'ART'S TOO BIG FOR HIS BODY. HE'S TOO GOOD FOR MY WORK! NOW HE'D JEST SUIT SUCH A GENT AS YOU—TO DRIVE A LIGHT TEA-CART ABOUT TOWN FOR ORDERS ON A WEEK-DAY, AND TAKE THE MISSUS OUT FOR THE DAY O' SUNDAYS!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



Head Nurse (with much dignity). "MISS MARY! YOU SHALL NOT STIR YOUR TEA WITH THE SNUFFERS!—IT IS NOT LADY-LIKE, AND I AM QUITE SURE YOUR PAPA WOULD NOT APPROVE OF IT!"

[MISS MARY *howls awfully, and smashes tea-cup.*



SMALL BY DEGREES, AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.

Shopman. "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT THE LADY LEFT HER PARASOL ON THE COUNTER!"
Swell. "HAW! YA—AS—NO! THAT IS, IT'S MY UMBRELLAW. THANKS! BY JOVE! HAW!"



MOST DISTRESSING.

POOR STUBBS!—JUST AS HE MEETS THOSE NICE GIRLS HE ADMIRED SO AT M'S PARTY, AN ENORMOUS BLACK SETTLES ON HIS NOSE. HE LOSES ALL PRESENCE OF MIND.



DISTRESSING EFFECT OF ENGLAND'S ROUGH HOSPITALITY UPON ONE OF THE ELEGANT GUIDES.



FLUNKEIANA.

Flunkey (who does not approve of Bloomsbury). "NO, MA'AM, I DON'T OBJEC' TO THE 'OUSE, FOR IT'S HAIREY, AND THE VITTLES IS GOOD; BUT THE FACT IS THAT ALL MY CONNEXIONS LIVE IN BELGRAVIA!"



NOW, WE DO HOPE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN IS NOT GOING TO BE ASKED TO SHOW HIS TICKET; BECAUSE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN HAS JUST PACKED HIMSELF UP QUITE COMFORTABLY, AND HIS TICKET IS IN THE VERY INNERMOST RECESS OF HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET; AND BECAUSE, YOU SEE, THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF OLD GENTLEMAN WHO IS LIKELY TO BE MUCH IRRITATED BY SUCH A REQUEST AT SUCH A TIME."



JOHN CHINAMAN WEEPING OVER HIS TAIL.



THE SEASIDE.—A CAPITAL OFFER.

"I SAY, GRANNY! CHARLEY SUMMERS AND I ARE GOING TO TAKE LION OUT IN A BOAT FOR A SWIM—NOW IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A SHILLING WE WILL TAKE YOU AND THE GIRLS FOR A ROW!"



PICTURES OF THE ENGLISH, PAINTED BY THE FRENCH.

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN, 1856.

Milord. "GODAM! ROSBIF! I SHALL SELL MY WIFE AT SMITHFIELD, DAM!"





FLY-FISHING.—MR. HACKLE ARRIVES AT HIS FAVOURITE SPOT, WHERE HE KNOWS THERE IS A GOOD TROUT.



QUEEN OF THE MAY.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



SCHOLASTIC.

Mother. "AND, PRAY, DOCTOR, WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS FOR HEDUCATING LITTLE BOYS?"
The Principal. "WHY, MY DEAR MADAM, MY USUAL TERMS ARE SEVENTY GUINEAS *PER ANNUM* (TO USE THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS), BUT TO EFFECT MY OBJECT (?) QUICKLY, I WOULD TAKE A FEW FOR WHAT I COULD GET, PROVIDED THEY BE GENTLEMEN, LIKE YOUR DEAR LITTLE BOY THERE; BUT (AGAIN TO USE THE LATIN TONGUE) IT IS A *SINE QUA NON* THAT THEY SHOULD BE GENTLEMEN!!!"



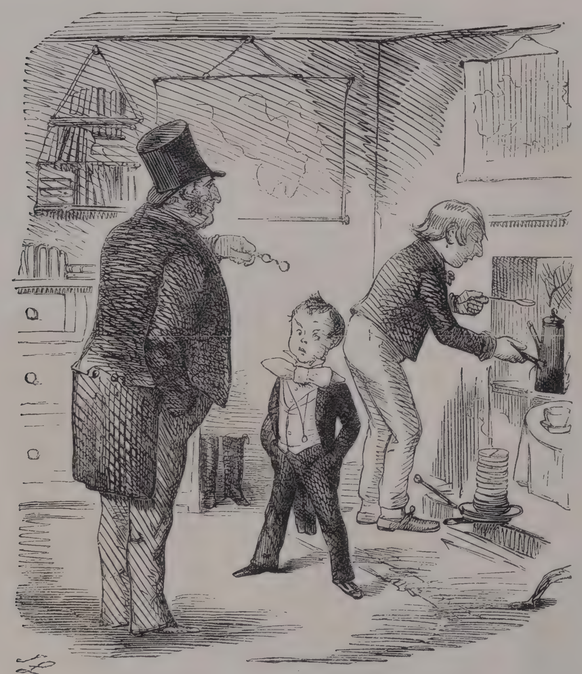
INTERESTING GROUP POSED FOR A DAGUERREOTYPE.

BY A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.



PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

THE INTELLIGENT READER IS REQUESTED TO IMAGINE THAT THE GATES IN THE ABOVE CARTOON HAVE JUST BEEN THOROUGHLY CLEANED, AND FRESH PAINTED. ON HIS RETURN FROM THE CITY, MR. BRIGGS FINDS THAT RUDE BOYS (TOTALLY REGARDLESS OF HIS FEELINGS) HAVE BEEN FARTHER DECORATING THEM.



THE FAGGING SYSTEM—TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

Old Gent. "AND PRAY WHO IS YOUR FRIEND WITH THE COFFEE POT?"
Small Boy. "THAT? OH! HE'S MY FAG—HE GETS ME MY BREAKFAST AND SUCH LIKE, BUT I ALWAYS LEAVE HIM SOME CRUMPETS—AND *NEVER BULLY HIM!*"



INTERESTING AND VALUABLE RESULT.



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

"WE KNEW HOW IT WOULD BE—GIRLS HOLDING THOSE GREAT ROUND HATS OVER THEIR EYES, SO THAT THEY CAN'T SEE WHERE THEY ARE GOING.—WHY, HERE'S FLORA PLUMLEY RUN RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF *THAT* YOUNG HORACE SPANKER, WHO HASN'T A PENNY."—*Extract from our Aunt's Letter.*



TABLEAU I.

Cochranite. "HOORAY! VEEVE LER LIBERTY!! HARM YOURSELVES!!! TO THE PALIS!! DOWN WITH HEAVERYTHINK!!!!"



TABLEAU II.

Cochranite. "OH, SIR—PLEASE, SIR—IT AIN'T ME, SIR—I'M FOR 'GOD SAVE THE KING' AND 'RULE BRITTANNIER.' BOO—HOO—OH DEAR! OH DEAR!!" (*Bursts into tears.*)



PLEASANT QUARTERS.

A YOUNG OFFICER IN THE MILITIA LEARNING THE MANUAL EXERCISE OVER YOUR HEAD!



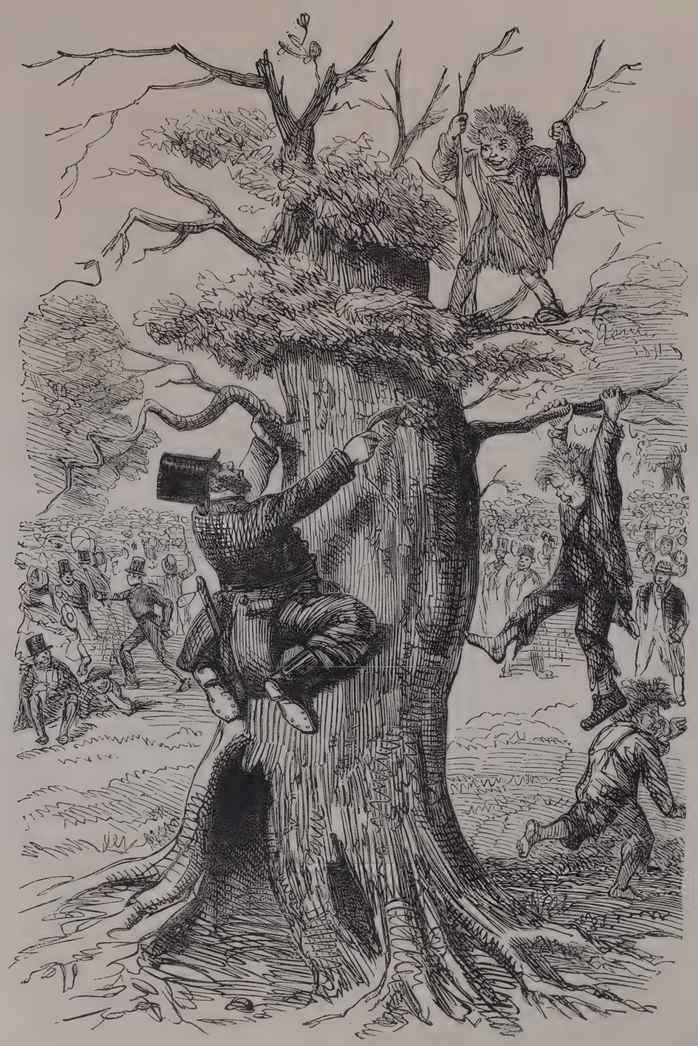
FLUNKEIANA.

Lady's-Maid. "WELL, I'M SURE, MR. ROBERT! I THINK YOU MIGHT FIND SOMETHING BETTER TO DO THAN LOLLOPING ABOUT IN THAT GREAT EASY CHAIR. YOU MIGHT GO AND HELP IN THE HAY-FIELD, ONE WOULD THINK!"

Flunkey. "OH, YES! AND A NICE FIGGER *I* SHOULD BE! WOT WOULD MISSUS SAY, PRAY, IF I WENT AND SPYLED MY COMPLEXION, AND MADE MY 'ANDS 'ARD?"



EVERY LADY HER OWN BATHING MACHINE, OR AN UGLY CONTRIVANCE MADE A USEFUL APPENDAGE.



BATTLE OF THE HYDE PARK.

GALLANT AND DARING ACT OF PRIVATE LOBBS (OF THE CRUSHERS), WHO, BY HIMSELF, STORMED AN OLD TREE, AND VERY NEARLY CAPTURED THREE SMALL BOYS.



RATHER ALARMING.

Lady. "YOU WISHED, SIR, I BELIEVE, TO SEE ME RESPECTING THE STATE OF MY DAUGHTER'S AFFECTIONS, WITH A VIEW TO A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE WITH THAT YOUNG LADY. IF YOU WILL WALK INTO THE LIBRARY, MY HUSBAND AND I WILL DISCUSS THE SUBJECT WITH YOU."

Young Corydon. "OH, GRACIOUS!!!"



THE SEA-SIDE HAT—A HINT TO MATERFAMILIAS.



POTICHOMANIA (THE ART OF DECORATING GLASS), CARRIED OUT BY MASTER TOM DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

JUSTICE FOR BACHELORS.

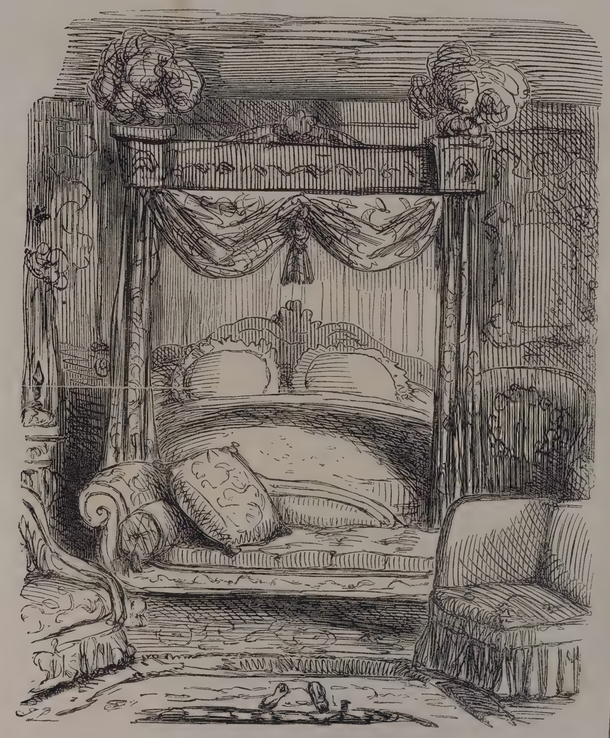
"*Snugton, Great Bedstead, Hants,*
"*Oct. 30th*, 1850.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I AM a bachelor, and my friends, I believe, allow that, in the main, I am a tolerably good-natured fellow—but just look here! I was invited a few days ago to spend a week at a country house, and here I am; but I must confess that I was a little put out when taken to the very top of it, and told that this was my bedroom.



I have since been led to suppose that unmarried men must expect to sleep in the worst rooms there are; for see, this is the bedroom of a married couple, friends



of mine. Now, confound it!—I say the comfort is monstrously and unfairly disproportioned. The ladies—bless them!—ought, of course, to be made as cosy as possible; no man could object to their having their nice little bit of fire, and their dear little slippers placed before it, with their couches, and their easy chairs, &c.—of course not—but that is no reason why we single men should be treated like so many Shetland ponies. There is no fire-place in my room, and the only ventilation is through a broken window. As far as the shooting, the riding, the eating and drinking go, I have nothing whatever to complain of. But I want to know why—why *this* mature female



always answers my bell, and that great brute SNAWKINS (whose mind, by-the-by, is not half so well-regulated as mine)—merely because he is a married man—has his hot water brought by *this* little maid?



I don't understand it. You may print this, if you like; only send me a few copies of *Punch*, when it appears, that's a good fellow, and I will carelessly leave them about, in the hope that MRS. HAYCOCK may see them—and by JOVE! if the hint is not taken, and my bedroom changed—or, at least, made more comfortable—I'll—yes—(there's an uncommonly nice girl stopping here)—I'll be hanged if I don't think very seriously of getting married myself.

"Believe me, my dear *Punch*,

"Yours faithfully,

"CHARLES SINGLEBOY."



A PICTURE OF ALIMENTIVENESS.

A NICE LITTLE BIT OF FISH.



Railway Porter. "FIRST CLASS, SIR?"
Unfortunate Oxonian. "NO! PLUCKED!"



FRIGHTFUL.

Clara. "WELL, ROSE, DEAR, AND HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER THE PARTY?"
Rose. "OH, PRETTY WELL; ONLY I HAVE HAD SUCH A HORRID DREAM! DO YOU KNOW, I DREAMT THAT THAT GREAT STUPID CAPTAIN DRAWLER UPSET A DISH OF TRIFLE OVER MY NEW LACE DRESS WITH THE BLUE SLIP?"



KETCHEE! KETCHEE!



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "AH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL! LOVE MAY DO FOR BOYS AND GALS; BUT WE, AS MEN OF THE WORLD, KNOW 'OW 'OLLOW IT IS."



PRIDE FEELS NO PAIN.

Arabella. "OH! DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, FREDERICK. IT ISN'T THE SHOE, FOR THAT'S A GREAT DEAL TOO LARGE."



WHO WOULDN'T KEEP A FOOTMAN?



THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.—BEING LEAP YEAR, THE LADIES TAKE THE INITIATIVE.



DREADFUL JOKE.

William. "THERE, AMY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THOSE FOR A PAIR OF MOUSTACHES?"

Amy. "WHY, I SHOULD SAY THAT CALLING THOSE MOUSTACHES WAS GIVING TO 'HAIRY NOTHINGS A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME.'"

(*For shame,* AMY.)



INNOCENT MIRTH—THE SLIDE ON THE PAVEMENT.



THE LOVE TOKEN.



GENERAL THAW AND BURSTING OF THE WATER-PIPES.





PRIVATE THEATRICALS.





AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE FOOT GUARDS.

Heavy Swell. "WHAT'S THE AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE MEN IN YOUR REGIMENT, CHARLEY?"
Swell in the Guards. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE—AW—BUT TEN GO TO THE TON."





A *WILD* HORSE OF THE PRAIRIES AS SEEN AT A CIRCUS.



AWFUL APPEARANCE OF A "WOPPS" AT A PIC-NIC.



BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.
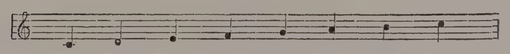
Mr. Brown. "PRAY, JANE, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE REASON I AM KEPT WAITING FOR MY BREAKFAST IN THIS WAY?"
Jane. "PLEASE, SIR, THE ROLLS ISN'T COME, AND THERE'S NO BREAD IN THE HOUSE!"
Mr. Brown. "NOW, UPON MY WORD! HOW CAN YOU ANNOY ME WITH SUCH TRIFLES? NO *BREAD*, THEN BRING ME SOME *TOAST*." [*Exit* JANE *in dismay.*



Matilda. "I WONDER, MARIA, YOU DON'T PUT AUGUSTUS INTO JACKETS AND TROWSERS; REALLY HE GROWS TOO TALL FOR THAT KIND OF COSTUME."
Maria. "PERHAPS, MATILDA, YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO ALLOW ME TO DRESS MY OWN CHILD IN MY OWN WAY. I AM MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU ALL THE SAME. *I* DON'T LIKE THE PRACTICE *SOME* PEOPLE HAVE OF DRESSING LITTLE BOYS LIKE LITTLE MEN!!!"



THE LEGAL SOLFEGGIO.



In Re Doe ver sus Rich . . ard Roe.



IN JUNE, OUR FRIEND BELLEVILLE AIRS HIS FRENCH AT BOULOGNE, TO THE ADMIRATION OF DOBBINS, WHO DOESN'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE.

Belleville. "AHEM! PARDONG MOSSOO!—ESKER VOUS AVEY-A-SUCH A CHOSE AS A-A-UNE POT—A-THAT IS A-A-UNE FO YOU KNOW-DE-DE-DE BEAR'S GREASE? COMPRENNY?—BEAR'S GREASE?"



APRIL.—THE ARTIST GIVES THE FINISHING TOUCH TO HIS PICTURE.

HE HAS BEEN SO BUSY THAT HE HAS NOT EVEN BEEN ABLE TO GET HIS HAIR CUT.



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

ENSIGN STUBBS, HAVING BEEN APPOINTED TO THE 121ST, GOES TO TRY ON HIS UNIFORM.

N.B.—The Gallant Ensign has hitherto been accustomed to dress in a loose, dégagé manner.



FOLKESTONE.—ARRIVAL OF THE BOULOGNE BOAT. WIND S.W.



A DELICATE CREATURE.

Youthful Swell. "NOW, CHARLEY—YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST—HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE?"

Languid Swell (probably in a Government Office). "THANKS! NO! I ASSURE YAH—MY DE-AR FELLAH! IF I WAS TO TAKE A CUP OF COFFEE IN THE MORNING, IT WOULD KEEP ME AWAKE ALL DAY!"



Newsvendor. "NOW, MY MAN, WHAT IS IT?"
Boy. "I VONTS A NILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER WITH A NORRID MURDER AND A LIKENESS IN IT."



OH DEAR! THAT REGULAR FAMILY NEXT DOOR ARE HAVING THEIR CHIMNEY SWEPT AGAIN.



MORAL INFLUENCE OF EXECUTIONS.

"WHERE 'AVE WE BIN? WHY, TO SEE THE COVE 'UNG, TO BE SURE!"





THE TRIAL-FOR-MURDER MANIA.

"ALL IN! ALL IN! WALK UP, LADIES!—JUST A GOING TO BEGIN! NONE OF YOUR SHAMS HERE, BUT REAL BULLET-HEADED MURDERERS! ALL IN! ALL IN!"



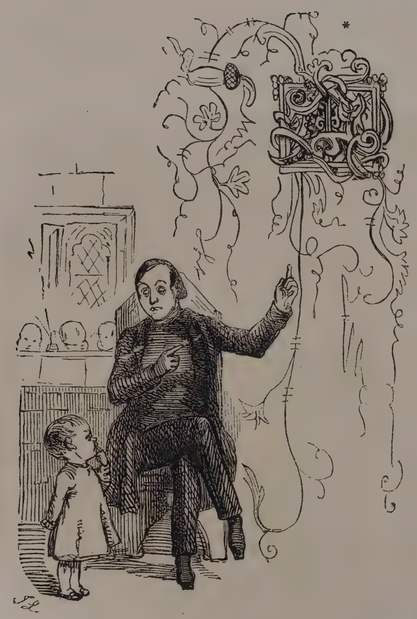
Horse-Guard. "NOW, YOU BOY! YOU MUSTN'T HANG ABOUT HERE."
Boy. "OH! YES, MR. HANGABOUT. I SUPPOSE I MAY SET MY WATCH BY YOUR CLOCK, AS WELL AS ANY OTHER GENT."





DOMESTIC ECONOMY—HOME BREWING.





TO PREVENT MISTAKES, THE UNILLUMINATED ARE APPRISED THAT THIS IS SIMPLY THE LETTER A.



ARTIFICIAL ICE—GRAND PAS DES PATINEURS.



TERRIBLE PROPOSITION.

Ferocious Hairdresser. "NOW, SIR, SHALL I TAKE THE PINTS OFF THE WHISKERS?"



"BOLTED!"



SCENE ON THE ENGLISH COAST.



VERY PARTICULAR.

First Railway Porter. "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BILL?"
Second ditto. "WHY, HE SAYS HE MUST HAVE A COMPARTMENT TO HISSELF, BECAUSE HE CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS SMOKE!"



OUR "USED UP" MAN TAKES A WALK WITH HIS COUSINS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.



FAMILIARITY.

"NOW, THEN, THOMAS, TELL YOUR OLD MAN TO PULL ON A PEG, AND LET ME GET UP TO MY PAWNBROKER'S!"



AN APRIL FOOL.

Equestrian. "HERE, BOY! COME AND HOLD MY HORSE."
Boy. "DOES HE KICK?"
Equestrian. "KICK! NO!
Boy. "DOES HE BITE?"

Equestrian. "BITE! NO! CATCH HOLD OF HIM.'
Boy. "DOES IT TAKE TWO TO HOLD HIM?"
Equestrian. "NO."
Boy. "THEN HOLD HIM YOURSELF."
Exit BOY, *performing* "*Pop goes the Weasel.*"



NO CONSEQUENCE.

"I SAY, JACK! WHO'S THAT COME TO GRIEF IN THE DITCH?"
"ONLY THE PARSON!"
"OH, LEAVE HIM THERE, THEN! HE WON'T BE WANTED UNTIL NEXT SUNDAY!"



THE FOG IS SO VERY THICK THAT FREDERICK AND CHARLES ARE OBLIGED TO SEE CLARA AND EMILY HOME



ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER MR. BRIGGS TRIES HIS SHOOTING PONY.

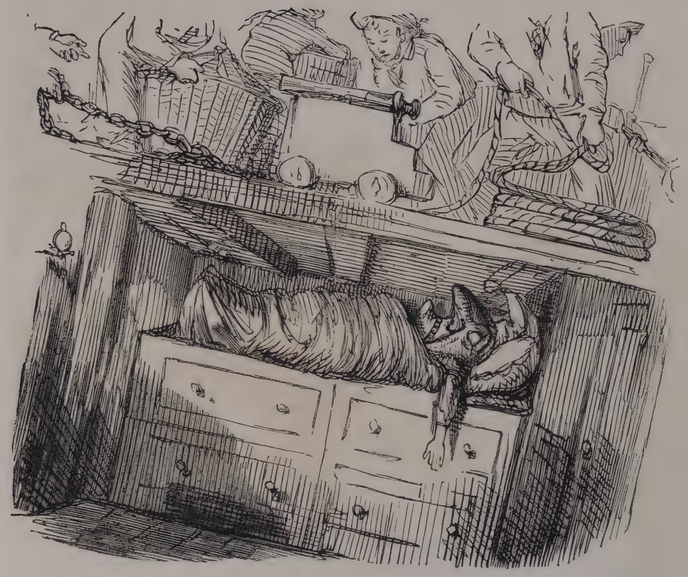


AQUATICS.

Small Boy. "NOW, THEN! ALL TOGETHER!"



A NICE TEAM.



YACHTING.

SPARE BED (BERTH, WE MEAN) ON BOARD OUR FRIEND'S SCHOONER.



A VISIT TO THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS IN 1851.

"DOOCED GRATIFYING, AIN'T IT, CHARLES, TO SEE SA MUCH IN-DASTRY?"



JOHN THOMAS, THE BELGRAVIAN FLUNKEY, AS HE APPEARED WHILE THE MOB WERE BREAKING HIS MISSUSSES WINDOWS.



THE NEW REGULATION.

Lieutenant Blazer (*of the Plungers*). "GOOD GWACIOUS! HERE'S A HORWIBLE GO! INFANTWY'S GOING TO GWOW A MOUSTACHE!"

Cornet Fluffey. "YAW DON'T MEAN THAT! WELL! THERE'S ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE FOR US. WE MUST SHAVE!"



COUNTRY RACES.

GENTLEMEN RIDERS, WHO ARE SO LIKE PROFESSIONAL JOCKS, YOU CAN HARDLY TELL THE DIFFERENCE!



DISAGREEABLE TRUTH.

Soldier. "NOW, THEN! YOU MUST MOVE AWAY FROM HERE."
Rude Boy. "AH! BUT *YOU* MUSTN'T, OLD FELLER!"



"I TELL YER WHAT, BILL, I THINK THE POLICE ARE A BAD LOT—AND I WISH THEY WAS DONE AWAY WITH ALTOGETHER."



SPORTING FOR LADIES.



NO! DON'T.

"SO THEY ARE SENDING OUT BOOKS TO AMUSE THE POOR FELLOWS AT SCUTARI—AND VERY PROPER. I WILL SEND FIVE-AND-TWENTY COPIES OF MY LAST FIVE-ACT TRAGEDY OF 'THE ROMAN GRANDMOTHER.'"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



PLEASANT!

Affectionate little Wife (who has made many abortive attempts to fathom the secrets of Freemasonry). "WELL, BUT, DEAR! TELL ME *ONE* THING. DO THEY PUT YOU INTO A COFFIN?"

RENT DAY.—THE CELLAR AND MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.



THE CELLAR.



SYMPTOMS OF MASQUERADING.

Better-Half (loq.). "IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL SITTING UP WITH A SICK FRIEND, MR. WILKINS?"



DID YOU EVER!

Friend. "WELL, SPRAT, MY BOY—AND HOW DO YOU GET ON, NOW YOU'RE MARRIED?"
Sprat. "H'M! PRETTY BOBBISH—BUT THERE'S ONE THING MAKES IT DOOCED UNCOMFORTABLE SOMETIMES—ENTRE NOUS—MRS. S. IS *SO CONFOUNDEDLY JEALOUS OF ME.*"

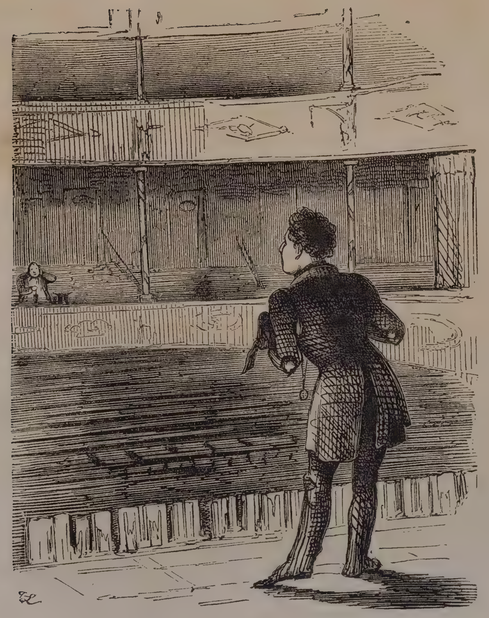


THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.

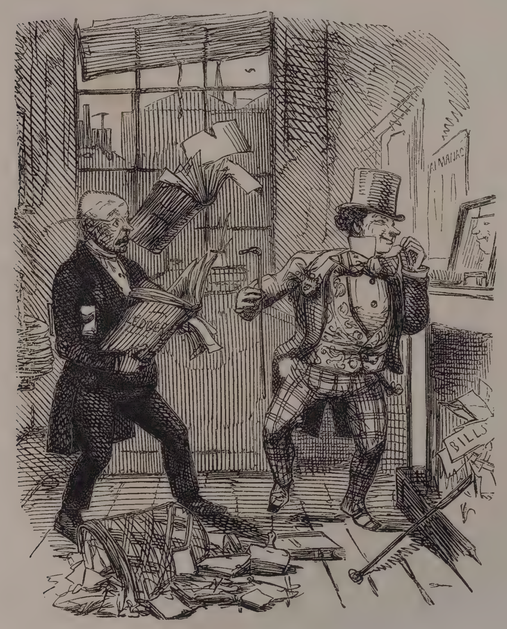


A HORRIBLE IDEA.

First languid Swell. "GOOD GWACIOUS, ALFRED! ARE YOU ILL?"
Second ditto ditto (gasping). "ILL! AW! YES! NO! I SHALL BE ALL RIGHT DIRECTLY—BUT—I—CONFESS—THE—SIGHT OF THAT FEMALE'S UMBRELLAW—COMPLETELY—FLAWED ME—MY DEAR CHARLES—CONCEIVE BEING OBLIGED TO CARRY—BUT NO, THE THOUGHT IS—TOO HORRIBLE!"
[*They shudder, and walk on.*



Manager. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—A—I MEAN RESPECTED INDIVIDUAL,—IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT ATTRACTION OF THE EXHIBITION OR CRYSTAL PALACE, I BEG TO ANNOUNCE TO YOU THAT THIS RIDICULOUS FARCE OF OPENING MY THEATRE WILL NOT BE REPEATED; AND YOUR ORDER WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU ON APPLICATION AT THE BOX-OFFICE."



HERE YOU HAVE A REPRESENTATION OF THAT NOBLE CHARACTER THE BRITISH MERCHANT, TAKING LEAVE OF HIS SENSES—AND HIS BUSINESS—TO LOUNGE ABOUT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



AWFUL RESULT OF GIVING A SEASON TICKET TO YOUR WIFE.

Mary. "PLEASE, SIR, COOK'S GONE OUT FOR A NOLIDAY; AND MISSUS DIDN'T SAY NOTHING ABOUT NO DINNER, SIR. MISSUS WENT EARLY TO THE EXHIBITION WITH SOME LUNCH IN A BASKET, AND SAID SHE SHOULDN'T BE HOME UNTIL TEA TIME."



THE TRADESMAN AT THE WEST END IS OBLIGED TO GIVE UP HIS TRADE, AND BREED POULTRY.



Ingenious Youth. "OH! SUCH A LARK, BILL! I'VE BIN AND FILLED AN OLD COVE'S LETTER-BOX WITH GOOSEBERRY SKINS AND HOYSTER SHELLS,—AND RAPPED LIKE A POSTMAN!"
Old Cove. "*HAVE* YOU?"



FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

AN ATTEMPT AT CONVERTING THE NATIVES.

Assiduous Young Curate. "WELL, THEN, I DO HOPE I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING BOTH OF YOU NEXT SUNDAY!"
Miner. "OI, THEE MAY'ST COAM IF 'E WULL. WE FOIGHT ON THE CROFT, AND OLD JOE TANNER BRINGS TH' BEER."



A DELICATE HINT.

Brighton Boatman. "THERE'S A WESSEL OUT THERE, SIR, A LABOURIN' A GOOD DEAL, SIR! AH, SIR, SAILORS WORKS WERRY 'ARD—PRECIOUS 'ARD LINES IT IS FOR THE POOR FELLERS OUT THERE!—PRECIOUS 'ARD IT IS FOR EVERYBODY JUST NOW. I KNOW *I* SHOULD LIKE THE PRICE OF A PINT O' BEER AND A BIT O' BACCA!"



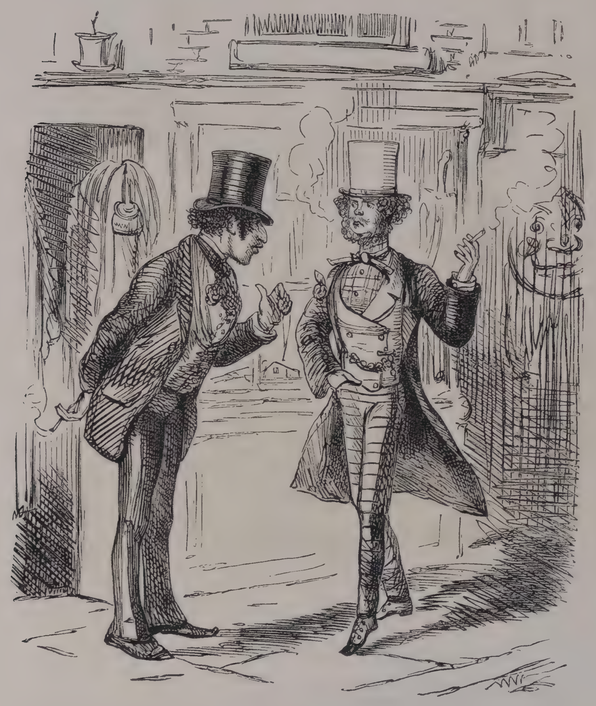
Enter COSTERMONGER (*to Old Lady passionately fond of flowers*).

Coster. "'SCUSE ME, MARM, BUT DID YER WANT YER GREEN-'OUSE SMOKED?—NO CHARGE. ONLY TO FIND THE 'BACCA, AND A DROP O' SUMTHIN' TO DRINK!"



FINE BUSINESS, INDEED! THE WRETCH!

Master of the House. "OH! MARY! WHAT IS THERE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"
Mary. "I THINK, SIR, IT'S COLD MUTTON, SIR."
Master of the House. "H'M!—OH! TELL YOUR MISTRESS, WHEN SHE COMES IN, THAT I MAY POSSIBLY BE DETAINED IN THE CITY ON BUSINESS, AND SHE IS ON NO ACCOUNT TO WAIT DINNER FOR ME."



Young Sholomunsh (*to Young* SNOBLEY, *who is attired in his very best*). "NOW, SIR! LET ME SHELL YOU A NISH SHUIT OF CLOSHE, MAKE YER GOOD ALLOWANCE FOR THE OLD UNS YER'VE GOT ON!"

[SNOBLEY'S *feelings may be imagined.*



Boy. "NOA, SIR! THERE AIN'T NO OTHER GATE OUT O' THIS VIELD,—YOU MUST FOLLER THAT GENTLEMAN ON THE GRAY HORSE."
Fox Hunter. "WHAT, THAT GENT? OH! THANK YER!"



Boy (*to be-witch-ing Old Lady of Fashion*). "WAS YOU A LOOKING FOR A BROOM, MARM?"



BRIBERY IS DETESTABLE! BUT POLITENESS COSTS NOTHING.

Canvasser. "PRAY, GENTLEMEN, DON'T THINK OF WALKING TO THE POLLING BOOTH; I AM SURE YOUR TIME MUST BE VALUABLE, AND HERE'S A CARRIAGE QUITE AT YOUR SERVICE."



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Cook. "WELL TO BE SURE, MUM! LAST PLACE I WERE IN, MISSIS ALWAYS KNOCKED AT THE DOOR AFORE SHE COME INTO *MY* KITCHEN!!"



THE ST. BERNARD MASTIFF AT THE MONT BLANC LECTURE. A HAPPY DOG—RATHER!



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!" A JUVENILE PARTY.



THE REVIEW.

"NOW, MARM, HERE'S A PLACE TO STAND ON. YER MAY SEE EVERY THINK; AND ONLY SIXPENCE!"



Special Constable. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUNG LADIES, BUT YOURS IS A VERY DANGEROUS PROCESSION, AND WE MUST TAKE YOU IN CHARGE—WE MUST, INDEED."



THE HORRORS OF WAR.

First Newmarket Boy. "AWFUL WORK THIS, BILL. WE'RE A GOIN' TO WAR WITH ROOSIA!"
Second Ditto. "WELL, WOT ODDS?"
First Ditto. "WOT ODDS? WHY, THERE WON'T BE NO EMPEROR'S CUP NEXT YEAR, THAT'S ALL!"



THE REAL STREET OBSTRUCTIONS.



HOW DISAGREEABLE THE BOYS ARE.

Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY! THERE'S THE HELEPHANT FROM THE S'LOGICAL GARDENS GOING A SKATING!"

TWO SCRAPS FROM THE GOOD (!) OLD RAILWAY TIMES.



THE STAG AT BAY.



THE RISING GENERATION.

Old Gentleman. "BLESS MY HEART! THIS VIBRATION OF THE CARRIAGE IS VERY UNUSUAL! PRAY, MY LITTLE MAN, HAVE YOU ANY APPREHENSION OF ACCIDENTS ON RAILWAYS?"

Juvenile. "OH, NONE IN THE LEAST; AND ESPECIALLY WITH SUCH A FAT OLD BUFFER AS YOU TO BE SHOT AGAINST."



LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"IS THIS A LIBERY?"

"YES."

"THEN LET ME HAVE THE LAST NUMBER OF HEMILY FITZ HOSBORN."



GOING OUT ARRESTING.

"VELL, AARON, MY TEAR, 'AVE YER 'AD ANY SPORT?"

"PRETTY VELL. I'VE BAGGED FOUR ALLOTTEES AND TWO PROVISIONALS."



POOR MUGGINS.

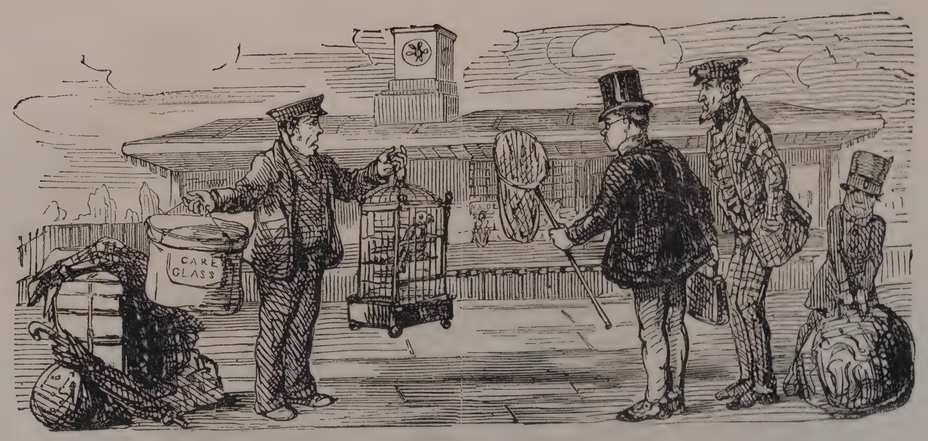
Smythe (*to* MUGGINS, *who, in the heat of the moment, has been drinking his wine out of tumblers*). "THERE, MY BOY! THAT'S SUCH A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE AS YOU DON'T GET EVERY DAY—AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME (*very confidentially*) BETWEEN—YOU—AND ME—I ONLY GAVE *FOUR AND TWENTY SHILLINGS A DOZEN FOR IT!*" *Exit* MUGGINS *for an antidote.*

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



AQUATICS.

Flora. "WELL, BUT, TOMMY! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ROW BOTH OF US?"
Tommy (*who fancies himself a perfect Athlete in high condition*). "ROW YOU! WHY, JUST YOU LOOK HERE; HERE'S A BICEPS MUSCLE FOR YOU!"



RAILWAY MISERIES. SCENE—MAIDENHEAD STATION.

Porter. "IS THIS YOUR LUGGAGE, SIR?"
Piscator. "CONFOUND IT, NO! WE WANT SOME FISHING-RODS, A CAN OF LIVE-BAIT, AND A HAMPER."
Porter. "OH—DO YOU, SIR? WHY, THEY'RE GONE ON TO BRISTOL."



AFFECTING—RATHER.

Alfred. "TELL ME, MY OWN ONE, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU HAVE TO SAY BEFORE I GO?"
Emma. "YES, DEAREST—DO NOT—OH DO NOT FORGET TO BRING THE—TH—TH—BRUNSWICK SAUSAGE FROM F—F—F—FORT—NUM AND MASON'S."



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "AW, HAIRDRESSER, WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED MY HAIR, JUST TAKE OFF MY BEARD, WILL YOU?"



THE UNHAPPY ALDERMEN, A.D. 1851, HAVING LOST THEIR LUGGAGE, ARE OBLIGED TO BE RIGGED OUT IN FRENCH CLOTHES.



ALWAYS GAY!!



APPROPRIATE.

First Citizen. "I SAY, BILL—I WONDER WHAT HE CALLS HISSELF?"
Second ditto. "BLOWED IF I KNOW!—BUT I CALLS HIM A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT."



COLD WEATHER.

Omnibus Driver. "BILL! JIST BREAK THIS 'ERE ICICLE ORF MY NOSE WITH YER WHIP, THAT'S A GOOD FELLER! IT TAKES BOTH MY HANDS TO KEEP THESE 'OSSES ON THEIR LEGS."



THE NOSE COMFORTER.

Sensible Man (who despises conventionality). "HAH! THE WORLD MAY SMILE, BUT IT'S VERY WARM AND COMFORTABLE."



THE GREAT MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—FAIR PLAY FOR THE BAKER.



Shoe Brigade Boy (to old Gent irascible from Gout, which has settled in his feet). "NOW, SIR! DID YOU WANT YOUR SHOES BLACKED?"



FLUNKEIANA.

Recruiting Serjeant. "COME, TAKE THE SHILLING LIKE A MAN; AND HAVE A TURN AT THE RUSSIANS IN THE CRIMEA."
Pampered Menial. "A—THANK YOU, I DON'T SEEM TO SEE IT. THE FACT IS—THAT—A—THE WORK IS 'ARD; AND—A—THE BOARD IS BAD."

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



"MY LOVE! DO YOU THINK THOSE FELLOWS ARE FOLLOWING US?"



"WHO WOULDN'T BE A RIDING-MASTER?"



AN ECONOMICAL MODE OF PUTTING TROOPS INTO WHITE TROUSERS.



CRYSTAL PALACE—SOME VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.



OUR FRIEND, 'ARRY BELVILLE, IS SO KNOCKED ALL OF A HEAP BY THE BEAUTY OF THE FOREIGN FISH-GIRLS, THAT HE OFFERS HIS 'AND AND 'ART TO THE LOVELY PAULINE.



THE FLY-CATCHER.



Old Gentlemen. "A VERY NASTY JUMP, THAT! I SHALL GO ROUND BY SHUFFLER'S BOTTOM."
Juvenile. "COME ALONG, OLD MAN! FOLLOW ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU ALL THE SPORT."
[*Exit* YOUNG HOPEFUL *over the palings.*



A BIT OF SENTIMENT. SCENE—CHOBHAM.

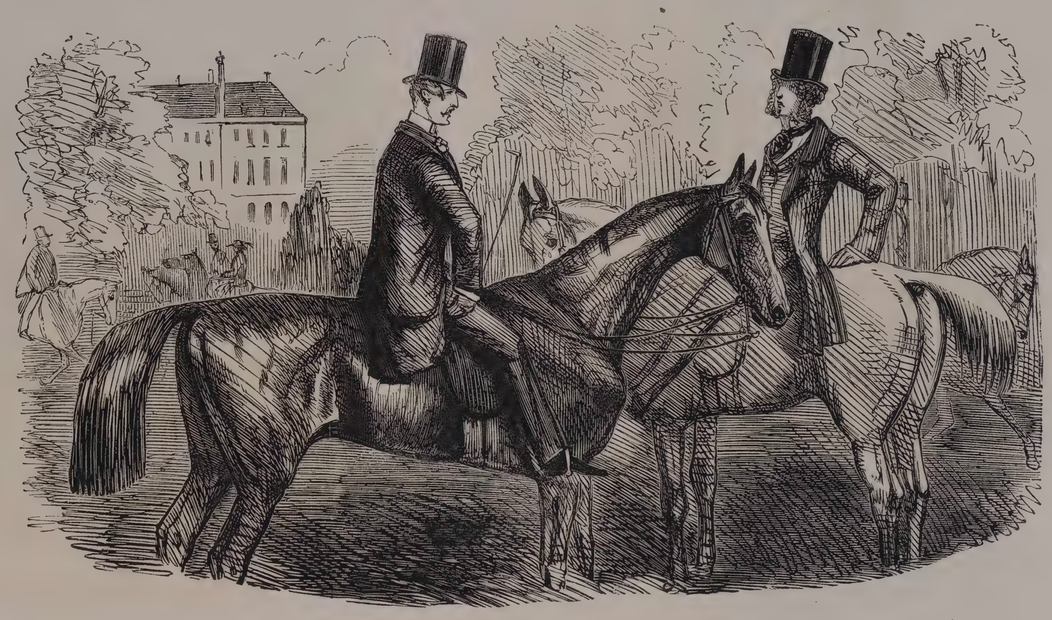
(*Founded upon a Popular Song.*

"WELL, FRANK! THIS DELIGHTFUL CAMP IS NEARLY OVER."
"HM, HAW! YA-AS! AND IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME, I'LL TAKE A LAST FOND LOOK, AND A—A—LEAN UPON MY WHAT D'YE CALL IT, AS THE SONG SAYS, AND A—WIPE AWAY A TE—AR!"



WHAT A SHAME!

Young Lady (inclining to embonpoint). "I SHALL WANT HIM AGAIN THIS AFTERNOON—FROM TWO TO FOUR."



First Dandy M.P. "PWOWOGATION TO BE LATE THIS YEAR ON ACCOUNT OF SOME COLONIAL BILLS, I HEAR."
Second ditto. "BOTHER THE COLONIES! HAVEN'T WE DONE ENOUGH FOR 'EM THIS YEAR?—DIDN'T WEST AUSTRALIAN WIN THE DARBY?"



"MY EYE, 'ARRY, THAT'S A STUNNING GREAT-COAT."
"AH! I FLATTER MYSELF IT'S RATHER 'DOWN THE ROAD.'"



THE SEA-SIDE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

"ALL THE NEW WORKS ARE OUT, MISS. BUT HERE'S THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE 'SCOTTISH CHIEFS'—OR HERE'S 'CAMPBELL'S PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC,' IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO READ THAT."



AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Gent. "WAITER! CHOP AND A PINT OF STOUT; AND LOOK SHARP."
Waiter. "OH, YES! IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY LOOK SHARP."



OXFORD COSTUME.

First Swell. "AWFUL SHIRT! EH?"
Second ditto. "YA'AS, LINEN'S SO DEUCED COMMON NOW—I'M GOING TO SPORT EMBROIDERED SILK."
First ditto. "HAH! CHEESY IDEA TOO! BUT OUR GILLS WANT ELEVATING!"

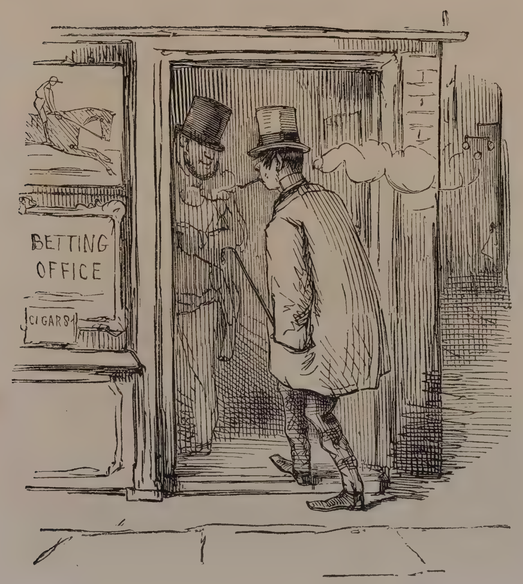


OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.—MARGATE.



GOING TO A PARTY.

Exquisite. "AW, DRIVAW—HAVE YOU A GOOD HORSE?"
Cabman. "YES, SIR! A WERRY GOOD OSS."
Exquisite. "AW! THEN DRA-IVE ME TO NEXT DOOR."



A FOOLISH AND A BETTING MAN.



A WISER AND A BETTER MAN.



FREAKS OF A PET DOG.



PERFIDIOUS ALBION LETS HIS DRAWING-ROOM FLOOR TO A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION YEAR, 1851—THE RESULT.



Cabman (condescendingly). "HAMPSTEAD! LET'S SEE—THE FARE'S ABOUT NINE BOB, AS NEAR AS MAY BE; BUT, AS I WANT A DRIVE IN THE FRESH HAIR MYSELF, SUPPOSE WE SAY THREE 'ARF CROWNS."

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



Coster (*to extremely genteel person*). "I SAY, GUVNER, GIVE US A HIST WITH THIS 'ERE BILIN' O' GREENS!"



OUR LITTLE FRIEND, TOM NODDY, THINKS THE SEA-WATER WILL DO HIS MARE'S LEGS A WORLD OF GOOD.



COARSE, BUT CHARACTERISTIC.

Calman (*whose temper has been ruffled by Omnibus man*). "YOU!! WHY, YOU HUNGRY LOOKING WAGABUN, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D BIN LOCKED UP FOR A MONTH IN A COOK'S SHOP WITH A MUZZLE ON."



THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

AWFUL APPARITION TO A GENTLEMAN, WHILST SHAVING, IN THE EDGEWARE ROAD.—*Sept.* 29, 1846.



THE PLAYFUL CREATURE OBJECTS AT FIRST, BUT FINDING THE PROCESS AGREEABLE, DETERMINES TO HAVE A COMPLETE BATH.



RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

First Naturalist. "WHAT! THE S-S-HE-SHER-PENT A-AN (HIC) ICH-(HIC) THYOSAURUS? NONSHE-ENSE!"

Second Naturalist. "WHO SAID ICH-(HIC) ICHTHY-O-SAURUS? I SAID A (HIC) PLESI-O-(HIC) SAURUS PLAINENUFF."



Engineer. "DON'T BE ALARMED, MA'AM, IT'S ONLY A DUMPY LEVELLER."
Old Lady. "LAW! DEAR NOW! WELL, I'M SURE I THOUGHT IT WAS A BLUNDERBUST, BUT DON'T FIRE IT OFF, YOUNG MAN, TILL I'M GOT BY, FOR I WAS ALWAYS TERRIBLE FEARED OF GUNS."



A STARTLING NOVELTY IN SHIRTS.



Special's Wife. "CONTRARY TO REGULATIONS, INDEED! FIDDLESTICKS! I MUST *INSIST*, FREDERICK, UPON YOUR TAKING THIS HOT BRANDY-AND-WATER. I SHALL BE HAVING YOU LAID UP NEXT, AND NOT FIT FOR ANYTHING."



Gentleman. "LET'S HAVE A BOILED MACKEREL."
Waiter. "BILED, SIR! BETTER HAVE 'EM BRILED, SIR. IF THEY'RE BILED, THEY'RE SPILED, SIR!"



LANDING OF TOM NODDY. HIS HORSE HAVING HAD ENOUGH OF IT, RETURNS TO HIS STABLE.



"BEEN TO THE PLAY MUCH THESE HOLIDAYS, FRED!"
"AW—I WENT THE OTHER NIGHT. BUT, AW—I DON'T KNOW—SOMEHOW, PANTOMIMES ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE IN MY TIME; AND AS FOR THE GURLS, THERE WASN'T A GOOD-LOOKING ONE IN THE HOUSE."



"THERE, BABY DEAR, LOOK AT THE PRETTY SOLDIERS!"



A SCENE AT GREENWICH WITH ALL THE FUN (!) OF THE FAIR.



STARTLING FACT!

Oxford Swell. "DO YOU MAKE MANY OF THESE MONKEY-JACKETS, NOW?"

Snip. "OH DEAR YES, SIR; THERE ARE MORE MONKEYS IN OXFORD THIS TERM THAN EVER, SIR."



A PERFECT WRETCH.

Wife. "WHY, DEAR ME, WILLIAM; HOW TIME FLIES! I DECLARE WE HAVE BEEN MARRIED TEN YEARS TO-DAY!"

Wretch. "HAVE WE, LOVE! I AM SURE I THOUGHT IT HAD BEEN A GREAT DEAL LONGER."



THE NEW ARRIVAL.



JOHN THOMAS COMPLETELY NON-PLUSHED.

Tax Collector. "JOHN THOMAS MOONCALF?"

John Thomas. "—ESQUIRE, THAT'S ME!"

Tax Collector. "THEN BE SO GOOD AS TO FILL UP THIS INCOME-TAX PAPER AND RETURN IT TO ME BEFORE TWENTY DAYS!"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Whipper. "WELL, I WEAR MINE BECAUSE IT SAVES TROUBLE, AND IS SO VERY 'EALTHY."

Snapper. "HAH, WELL THERE AIN'T NO HUMBUG ABOUT ME; I WEAR MINE BECAUSE THEY LOOKS 'ANSOM, AND GOES DOWN WITH THE GALS."





FLATTERING.

Boy (in allusion to BROWN, *who thinks he is well got up.* "OH! LOOK HERE, BILLY, THEY'VE GOT A DINNER PARTY AT THIS 'OUSE—AND IF 'ERE AIN'T THE COVE WHAT'S A-GOING TO WAIT."



DISTRESSING RESULT OF EATING TURKEY DAY AFTER DAY.

THE POOR OLD PARTY HAS COME OUT ALL OVER FEATHERS.



OH DEAR NO! OLD BR–GGS IS *NOT* DEAD—HE HAS TAKEN TO YACHTING FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HEALTH.



GREAT BOON TO THE PUBLIC.

Incipient Swell (in costume of the period). "WELL! TA-TA, GUS! I SHALL JUST GO AND SHOW MYSELF IN THE PARK."



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "WELL, I KNOW WHAT I SHALL DO: I SHALL LOOK OUT FOR SOME OLD GAL WITH PLENTY OF MONEY."



AN ENGLISH GOLD FIELD.



EFFECT OF THE CAB-STRIKE.—GOING TO THE OPERA IN A WHEELBARROW.





A DISTURBER OF PUBLIC PEACE AND COMFORT FLOORED.

Cochranite. "I SAY, OLD FELLER, OF COURSE YOU'LL FRATERNISE WITH US, AND COME AND BREAK SOME VINDERS."

Soldier. "OF COURSE I WON'T; BUT I'LL PUNCH YOUR HEAD IF YOU DON'T MOVE OFF."



CURIOUS NONDESCRIPT SKETCHED AT THE ADMIRALTY.

NEITHER FISH, FLESH, NOR FOWL; NOR GOOD RED HERRING.



A GOLD FIELD IN THE "DIGGINS."



THE EMPIRE OF BEADLEDOM.





"LET US SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM."



Youthful Costermonger. "NOW THEN, GUV'NER, 'AVE THE LAST ROPE FOR A PENNY."



Excited Gentleman. "THEY'RE OFF!—THEY'RE OFF!"
Quiet Lady. "ARE THEY, DEAR? WON'T YOU HAVE SOME PIE?"



LIFE IN LONDON.

Isabella. "WELL, AUNT, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE LONDON? I SUPPOSE YOU WERE VERY GAY?"

Aunt (who inclines to embonpoint). "OH YES, LOVE, GAY ENOUGH! WE WENT TO THE TOP O' THE MONUMENT O' MONDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' ST. PAUL'S O' TUESDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' THE DOOK O' YORK'S COLUMN O' WEDNESDAY—BUT I THINK ALTOGETHER I LIKE THE QUIET OF THE COUNTRY."



Charles. "FIGURE, INDEED! WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO? A MAN MUST WEAR SOMETHING. HATS AND COATS ARE OUT OF THE QUESTION—THEY ARE REALLY SO VERY EFFEMINATE."



A VERY GREAT MAN.

"NOW, COLLINS, YOU MUST GO OUT VERY DEEP, FOR I WANT TO TAKE A 'HEADER!'"



THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN.

Precise Female (in answer to a rude inquiry). "YOU ARE A VERY IMPERTINENT BOY!—YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT IT IS A MATTER OF NO MOMENT TO YOU WHO MY HATTER IS!"



Juvenile (*àpropos of Highlander in sentry-box*). "OH! MY WIG, CHARLEY, WHAT A JOLLY JACK-IN-THE-GREEN HE'D MAKE!"

CHOBHAM REMINISCENCES.



A NIGHT SURPRISE.



"HEY, COLIN! DINNA YE KEN THE WATTER'S FOR DRINK, AND NAE FOR BATHIN'?"



Captain Holster. "HERE! HI! SOME ONE!—STOP MY *BED-ROOM!*—HI!"



Mrs. Muggins. "WHAT! FOURTEEN ON YE SLEEP UNDER THAT GIG UMBRELLER OF A THING? GET ALONG WITH YER!"



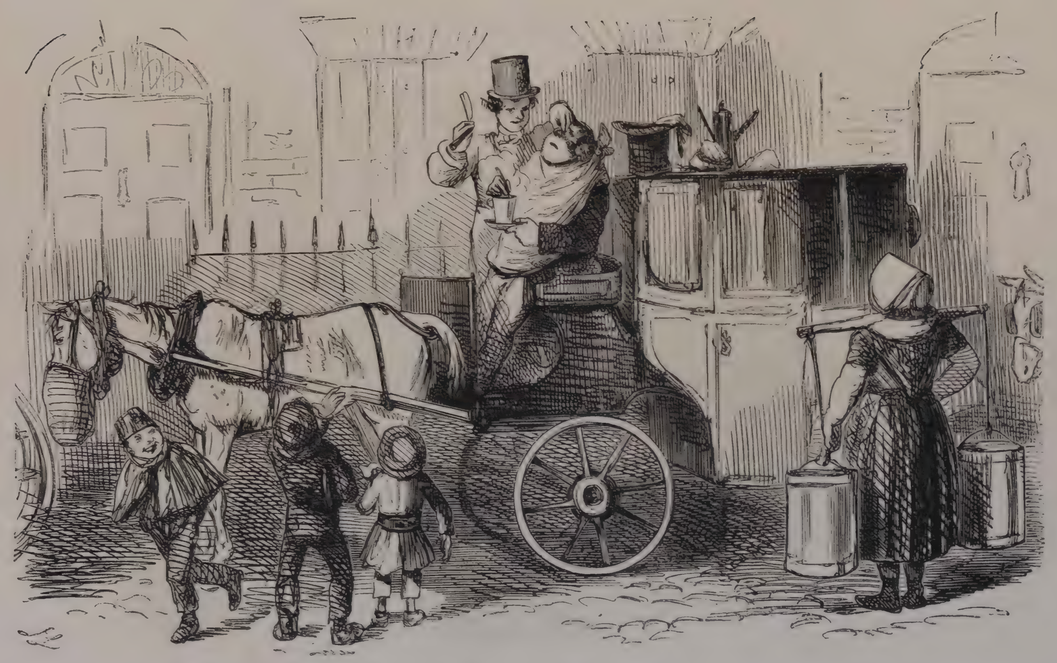
ONE OF THE HORRORS OF THE CHOBHAM WAR.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



THE ROUND HAT.

1. WHEN IT IS ALL VERY WELL. 2. WHEN IT IS OBJECTIONABLE.
3. WHEN THE POLICE OUGHT TO INTERFERE.



THE NEW CAB REGULATION.



WAITING FOR THE CARRIAGE.

Charlie. "THIS WILL BE A STUPID AFFAIR, GEORGY."
Georgy. "OH! YES—ONLY A WHITE FROCK AND BLACK MITTEN PARTY—VERY SLOW!" [*Old Nurse wonders what next.*



A SKETCH.

SHOWING THE DECENT MANNER IN WHICH THE "FORM OF PRAYER" WAS RETAILED ON THE FAST DAY.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Servant (rushing in). "OH! GRACIOUS GOODNESS, MASTER! THERE'S THE KITCHEN CHIMLEY A-FIRE—AND TWO PARISH INGINS KNOCKING AT THE STREET DOOR."



"BUY A LITTLE DORG, MARM?"

BITS OF IRON FROM THE CRIMEA.



A LITTLE DINNER AT THE CRIMEA CLUB.



"WELL, JACK! HERE'S GOOD NEWS FROM HOME. WE'RE TO HAVE A MEDAL."
"THAT'S VERY KIND. MAYBE ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL HAVE A COAT TO STICK IT ON!"



HOW JACK MADE THE TURK USEFUL AT BALACLAVA.

British Officer. "HOLLOA, JACK! WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT NOW?"
Jack. "WHY, YER HONOUR—YOU SEE RIDING'S A DEAL PLEASANTER THAN WALKING ABOUT HERE, AND WHEN THIS CHAP'S TIRED—I MOUNTS T'OTHER COVE!"



Ben. "I SAY, JACK!—GIVE US A LIFT DOWN WITH THESE HERE *BLOOD-STAINED RUINS* FROM SEBASTERFOOL!"
"Sebastopol is only a heap of blood-stained ruins."—GORTSCHAKOFF *to his Imperial Master.*



TAKING A LEAF OUT OF THE FRENCH BOOK.

THE LICENSER OF PLAYS INTERFERING WITH THE PANTOMIMES.







1st Snob. "YOU KNOW THAT JOLLY LITTLE GAL, JULIA BINKS?"
2nd Snob. "ALL RIGHT, GO-AHEAD."
1st Snob. "WELL! SHE'S BEEN STICKING UP TO ME LIKE BRICKS, BUT I CAN'T RETURN HER AFFECTION, BECAUSE I'M SO DEUCED SWEET WITH THE PLANTAGENET GALS."



"PERFORMERS' AFTER A RESPECTABLE FUNERAL.



ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

"MARTHA, WAST 'E DONE WI' THE MILK?"
"GEEN IT TO THE SHILD."
"DANG THE SHILD, THEE SHOULD HA' GEEN IT TO TIL' BULL FUP?"



Gentleman from Town (*log.*). "OH, IF THIS IS ONE OF THE LITTLE PLACES CHARLEY SPOKE OF, I SHALL GO BACK."



THE END OF A FIVE MINUTES' BURST.

Stout Gentleman. "THAT'S THE WAY TO GO OVER A GATE! I DON'T THINK YOU LEFT ME SO FAR BEHIND THAT TIME."



BINKS, MAJOR (OF HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD TROOPS), GOES TO SEE HIS "LITTLE BROTHER," WHO HAS JUST TAKEN ORDERS.

Binks, Minor (*log.*). "AH! YOU CAN'T THINK HOW A FELLA SAVES, WHEN HE GOES INTO THE CHURCH. I USED TO GIVE SNOBBINS THREE GUINEAS FOR MY BOOTS, AND *NOW* I GET THEM MADE FOR TWO POUND TWELVE."

Binks, Major. "BY JOVE!"



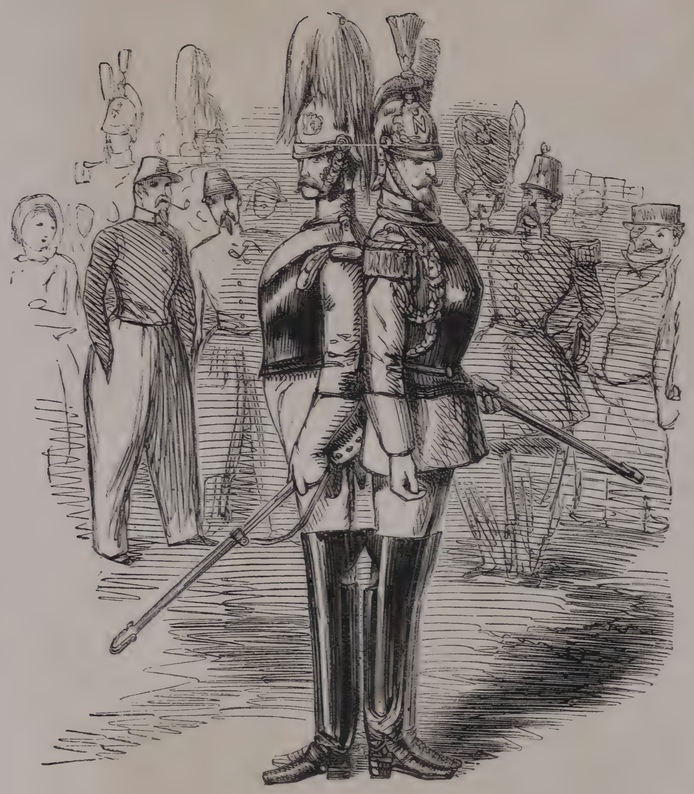
Indignant Party. "WHAT? A SHILLING FOR THE TWO MILES, AND A SIXPENCE BESIDES. WHY, YOU DON'T CALL ME AN EXTRA PERSON?"

Calman. "OH! DON'T I THO'!"



FRIENDLY, BUT VERY UNPLEASANT.

Lively Party (*charging* ELDERLY GENTLEMAN *with his umbrella*). "HULLO, JONES!" [*Disgust of* ELDERLY PARTY, *whose name is* SMITH.



THE FRENCH CENT GARDES AND THE BRITISH LIFE-GUARDS;

OR, SIX OF ONE, AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.



SET FAIR.



STORMY, AND MUCH RAIN.

OUT OF TOWN.



Officer (*log*). "WELL, MY FINE FELLOW, SO YOU'VE BEEN IN THE REGULAR ARMY?—IN THE WARS, TOO, I SEE—EH?"

Stout Yeoman. "NOA, COLONEL, I NEVER WASN'T IN NO WARS; BUT MY OLD SOW GAINED A SILVER MEDAL LAST COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, SO I THO'T AS 'OW I MIGHT WEAR UN!"



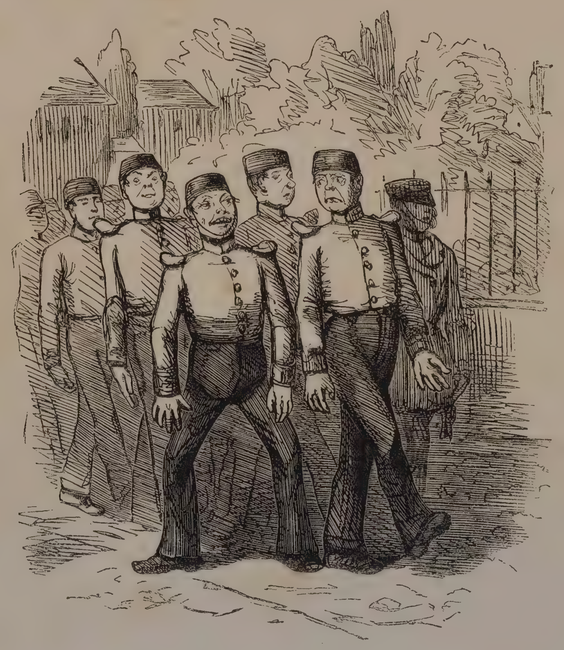
JOHN BULL A LA MODE.—A PROBABLE EFFECT OF THE ALLIANCE.



WELL OUT OF IT.

"THAT'S A DEUCED GOOD HORSE TO GO, DRIVER; WHAT'S HIS FAULT THAT HE COMES IN A CAB?"

"WELL, SIR, I DON'T KNOW OF ANY FAULT IN PERTICKLER, 'CEPT THAT WHEN HE BEGINS TO KICK, HE DO KICK LIKE BLAZES."



First Militia-man. "JIM, YOU BAIN'T IN STEP."
Second ditto. "BAIN'T I? WELL, CHANGE YOUR'N."



A HINT FOR THE HORSE-GUARDS.

SHOWING HOW ALL THE WEIGHT OF OUR HEAVIES MIGHT BE PRESERVED, AND MORE FAIRLY ADJUSTED.



THE ICE HARVEST.



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

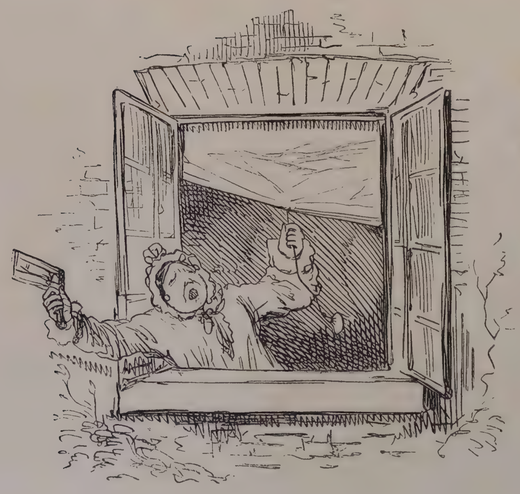
Fred. "HOW DO YOU LIKE THE ALTERATION, BLANCHE?"
Blanche. "WHAT ALTERATION, DEAR?"
Fred. "WHY, HANG IT!—HAVEN'T I CUT OFF MY BEARD AND MOUSTACHES?"



A NEW BROOM BEING TAUGHT TO DISTINGUISH HIS PATRONS BY AN OLD BROOM (*RETIRING FROM BUSINESS*).

New Broom. "POOR JACK, YER HONOR?"
Old Broom. "LEAVE THEM COVES ALONE, TIM; THEY'RE TWO SWELLS WHAT ALWAYS CROSSES IN A 'ANSOM—'CAUSE O' THEIR BOOTS!"

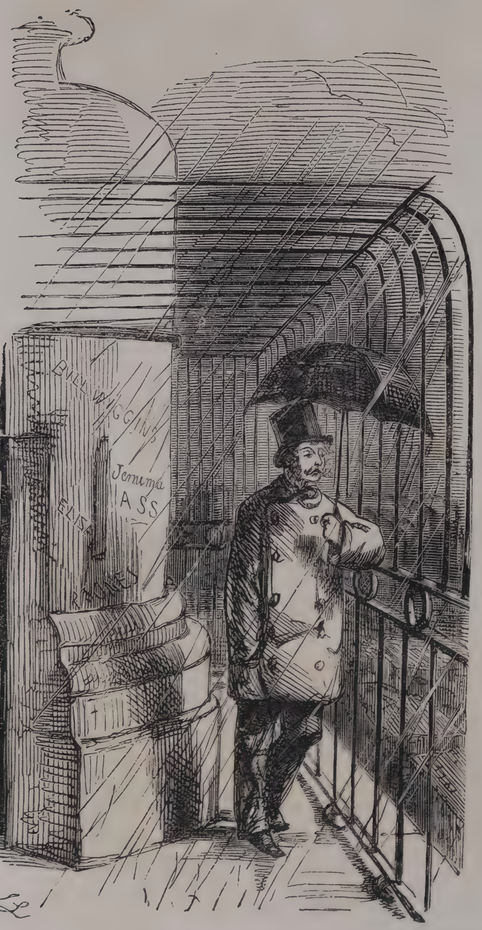




THIEVES! THIEVES!

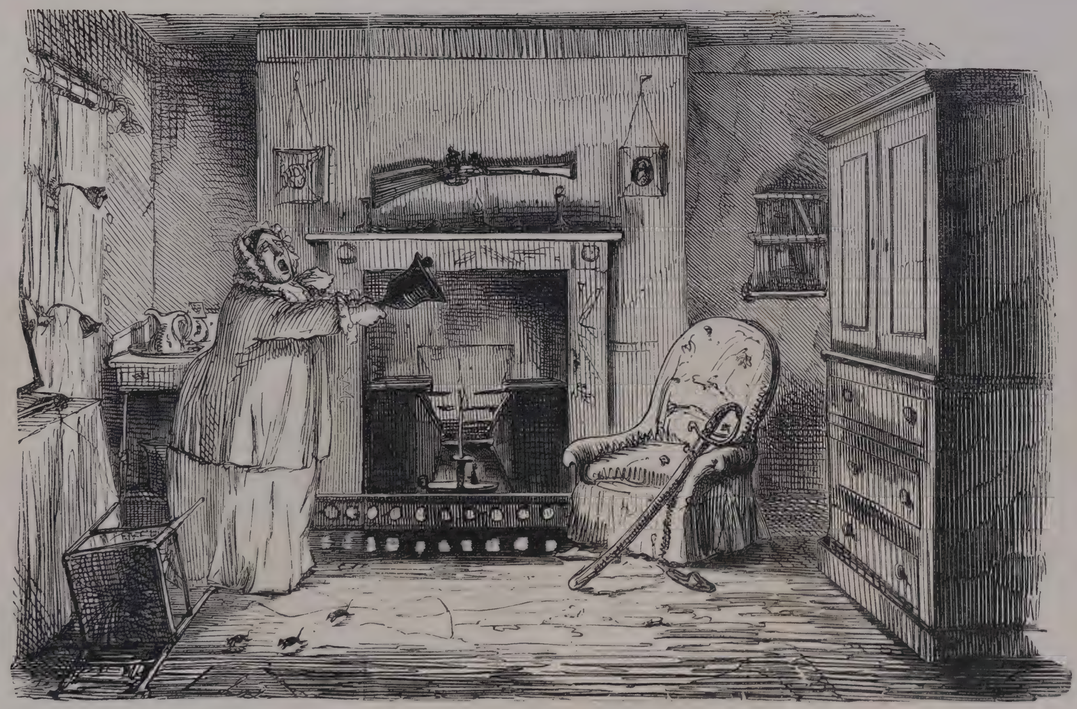


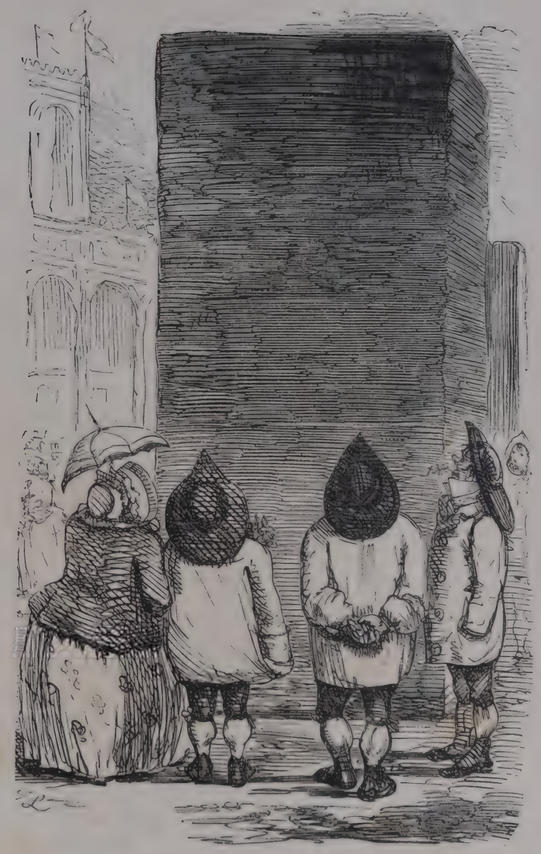




EXPERIMENTS OF OUR "USED-UP" MAN IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT.

TRYING THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT ON A WET AFTERNOON.





THE BLACK DIAMOND—THE REAL MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT!!



Boy. "COME IN, SIR! YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFRAID! I'VE GOT HIM QUITE TIGHT."



THE "KNEE PLUSH ULTRA" OF SENTIMENT.



NOTHING LIKE FORETHOUGHT.

Captain (to Brother Officer). "WHAT AM I ABOUT? I'LL TELL YOU, OLD BOY. THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT MAY HAPPEN WHEN WE ARE ENCAMPED ON CHOBHAM COMMON, SO I AM LEARNING THE NOBLE ART OF MAKING OMELETTES, IN CASE ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO OUR CHEF!"



THE CONSTITUTIONAL WALK.

Lady. "DEAR, DEAR, IT'S COMING ON TO RAIN! RUN, JAMES! QUICK, AND FETCH AN UMBRELLA, AND TWO PARASOLS. I'M AFRAID MY POOR DEAR COCHINS WILL GET THE RHEUMATISM."



AWKWARD CONSEQUENCES OF REMOVING THE SOLDIERS FROM KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

Housemaid. "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, ME, AND COOK, AND MARY, WISHES TO LEAVE, THIS DAY MONTH, MA'AM."



Young Lady (reading Crimean Correspondence). "I MUST TELL YOU, TOO, THAT I HAVE QUITE ABANDONED POOR BROWN BESS. AND THAT WITH MY BEAUTIFUL MINIÉ—"

Elder Lady (interrupting hastily). "THERE—THERE—MY DEAR, GO ON TO THE NEXT LETTER. WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT HIS BESSIES AND MINNIES—THESE SOLDIERS ARE ALL ALIKE!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



Navvy. "AH, BILL! IT SHOWS THE FORRARD MARCH OF THE AGE. FUST THE BRUTE FORCE, SUCH AS 'IM; AND THEN THE LIKES OF US TO DO IT SCIENTIFIC, AND SHOW THE MIGHT OF INTELLECT."



NEVER CARRY YOUR GLOVES IN YOUR HAT.

MR. POFFINGTON FLATTERS HIMSELF HE IS CREATING A SENSATION.—(*Perhaps he is.*)



HOW VERY EMBARRASSING.

Gustavus. "MAMMA, DEAR! ARE MOUSTACHES FASHIONABLE?"
Mamma. "WELL, GUS, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, BUT I BELIEVE THEY ARE."
Gus. "OH! THEN, IS THAT THE REASON WHY MISS GRUMPH WEARS 'EM?"
[MISS GRUMPH, *as well as being strong-minded, is rather masculine in appearance.*



Stern Parent. "I TELL YOU, SIR, I WILL NOT ALLOW IT—AND DON'T LET ME SEE ANY MORE NASTY PIPES OR TOBACCO IN THIS HOUSE."
Young Williams. "BOO-HOO—AND WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO WHEN ALL THE MEN OF HIS OWN AGE SMOKE?"



A VISIT TO A DOG-FANCIER.



EDUCATION IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

Jemoimer. "BIST THOU A GOIN' TO SKULE, ELOYZA?"
Eloyza. "NOT HI, JEMOIMER. THEY GID US TEA AND BUNS LARST WEEK, AND WE SHA'T HAN NO MOORE TILL CUM CRISMUS; SO MUTHER SAYS AS HOW IT AIN'T NO USE."



SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Servant Gal. "I TELL YOU WHAT, COOK; WITH MY BEAUTY AND FIGGER, I AIN'T A GOIN' TO STOP IN SARVICE NO LONGER. I SHALL BE ORF TO HORSE-TRAYLIER."



TOO BAD.

Rude Boy. "AH! HERE'S THE P'LEECE A-COMIN'; WON'T YOU CATCH IT FOR SLIDING ON THE PAVEMENT!"



"OH! HERE'S A JOLLY SLEDGE."



SYMPATHY.

Tailor (to considerable Customer). "TRIFLE THINNER THAN YOU WAS, SIR! GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, SIR! 'OPE YOU'LL SOON GET YOUR 'EALTH, SIR! WHEN WE HEARD YOUR REGIMENT HAD BEEN IN ACTION, SIR—YOU MAY FANCY WHAT OUR FEELINGS WAS, SIR!"



PRUDENT RESOLVE.

Little Party. "GO AND WALK IN HYDE PARK? OH, AH!—I DESSAY! AND GET PELTED FOR A HARISTOCRAT?—NO THANK'E—NOT IF I KNOW IT."



Emily. "WHY, MY GOODNESS, FRANK! WHAT A DREADFUL BLACK EYE YOU HAVE! YOU ARE QUITE DISFIGURED!"

Frank. "H'M, HAH! THAT'S VERY DISAGREEABLE, NOW: I WAS IN HOPES NO ONE WOULD HAVE PERCEIVED IT!"

[FRANK *has been so unfortunate as to catch a cold in his eye from sitting in a draught at Exeter Hall—so he* SAYS.

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